Fall 1984

The Gamut: A Journal of Ideas and Information, No. 13, Fall 1984

Cleveland State University

THE GAMUT

A JOURNAL OF IDEAS AND INFORMATION

Number 13

Fall, 1984

Krazy Kat — p. 28.

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A JOURNAL OF IDEAS AND INFORMATION

Number 13 **Fall, 1984**

George Herriman's celebrated cartoon figure, Krazy Kat, undergoes analysis in Gary Engle's article (see p. 28).

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The Gamut invites commentaries for its "Back Matter" section and also the submission of new articles and creative works, especially by Ohio writers and artists, on topics of interest to readers of this region. Preliminary inquiries are welcome; detailed information for contributors on request. Submitted material will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to: *The Gamut*, Room 1216 Rhodes Tower, Cleveland State University, Cleveland, OH 44115.

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Our Fifth Year

With this issue, we enter our fifth year of publication. Such a number is not by itself impressive. Some literary journals have lasted for a century, some (such as computer magazines) fold their leaves and die within a year. For us, however, our full four years represent an accomplishment. Our major difficulty, in this age of pseudo-specialization, has been finding an audience for a periodical of general interest. In principle, "general interest" includes everyone; but in practice the audience for articles of general interest is a specialized one, made up of courageous, educated readers with a taste for diversity. That we have been able to find almost a thousand such subscribers is part of our accomplishment.

Four years also means twelve issues, one hundred and seventy pieces (articles, stories, poems, art and photography portfolios, letters etc.), one thousand two hundred and eight pages, and more than 800,000 words, every single one of which we read at least ten times before publication. "We" is two editors (half-time) and a staff filling three half-time positions (see our masthead), plus an occasional intern editor (a graduate student). For most of us, "half-time" is a technical term which is quite inadequate to describe the actual hours devoted during holidays, week-ends, evenings, as well as those subtracted from family activities at home.

The five of us (the Editorial Committee) meet to decide what each next issue should consist of. Some pieces are sent to us by known or unknown contributors ("over the transom"). Others, on specific subjects, we ask writers we know to write for us. All articles must then be reviewed for accuracy and for style. For certain types of material, we sometimes call on readers who are experts in the field. After surviving this scrutiny, the articles must be edited and sent to authors for final approval. At last they enter the typographic pipeline and are entered on our word-processor, and, since we are now in the post-modern era, are transmitted by phone line to the typesetter's computer. We receive galleys, cut them into pages, design the layout with illustrations (which we must often secure ourselves because the authors can't) and send these pages, called "dummies," back to the typesetter who produces camera-ready boards that finally go to the printer. There is still another stage of proofreading (blue prints) to be gone through before we finally receive bound copies. And start all over again.

In addition to the foregoing, we send out mailings to secure subscriptions, devise print and radio ads, keep subscription records, send out copies to subscribers, correspond with authors and subscribers, run contests (art, fiction, concrete poetry and photography, so far). And every now and then we produce an index and an editorial. The latest index displays the enormously varied range of material we offer our readers. It is our belief that there exist even more readers who are, like us, interested in everything going on in the world. If any of them are your friends and relatives, give them a subscription (see special holiday rate for subscribers, inside front cover). And if you have any comment about our articles or our policy, we would be glad to hear from you.

In the meantime, thank you for your support. If we don't wear out, we'll continue to give you variety, interest, and readable writing.

—Louis T. Milic

COMMENTARY

Dick Feagler

The Two Conventions

There is a round room in Washington called the Oval Office and in that office is a desk. In a chair behind that desk sits a man none of us know.

The man has a title — President of the United States. He got his job through an election. But we didn't vote for the man. We voted for his aura.

On a shelf near our bathrooms, we all have cakes of soap. Why did we choose the brand of soap we bought? Because of its name, perhaps. Or its perfume. Or an advertisement we saw extolling its virtue. Or maybe because it seemed like a bargain. We did not buy it because we thought it would make our hands cleaner than any other soap. We picked it for reasons far removed from the main reason for its existence. And so, too, do we pick our Presidents.

We play no part in the manufacturing process of soap. We play no part in the manufacturing process of Presidential candidates either. Small groups of men decide what Presidential merchandise to put on the shelves. We get to pick only after they have picked. This truth, however, is unpalatable in our democracy. So, in order to make it appear that we have something to do with the selection process, political parties hold national conventions every four years.

These conventions are styled and produced purely as national television shows. They are game shows, really. Each party, having decided on a candidate before the convention starts, has to deal with the fact that that candidate has certain set assets and liabilities. The game is to maximize the assets and make the liabilities disappear — or at least stay out of range of the television cameras. There were two such game shows this summer. Let us, months later, remember them as they were.

On opening night of the Democratic Convention, behind the still lowered curtain, the cast had problems so numerous that it was almost necessary to write them down to remember them all. And, having remembered them all, it was painful to recite the list because it was a list that needed to be recited in the rudest terms.

First of all, Walter Mondale was a loser.

He had lost as part of the Carter-Mondale ticket in 1980. That alone perhaps could have been overlooked or explained away by merely sacrificing Carter to the blame. Carter wasn't running for anything.

A native of Cleveland, Dick Feagler attended John Adams High School and Ohio University. After serving in the Army, he became a reporter for the Cleveland Press, *in which capacity he covered all the major-party Presidential conventions. He was on assignment in Vietnam in 1967, and reported on civil rights and anti-war demonstrations in this country. He is well known for his pungent columns in the* Press *and his caustic commentaries on television. Winner of three Heywood Broun awards from the Cleveland Newspaper Guild and a national Ernie Pyle award, he now writes for* Cleveland Magazine, *the* Akron-Beacon Journal, *and* Cable Views, *and is the host of his own television interview program on Channel 3.*

But Walter Mondale had taken his four-year-old reputation as a loser and enhanced it this year. He had begun with every right endorsement, with the best credentials of experience possible and, launched as a shoo-in, had only narrowly missed losing the main chance to Gary Hart — a zero in public perception — a vague man in cowboy boots. It was all well and good for Walter Mondale to have personally chosen the theme from "Rocky" to be his special convention music — to be played at his approach and as his recessional — but it was, after all, Hart who had been the underdog in the primary races. And if Walter Mondale could not reign as champion in his own party, how well could he be expected to do in the ring with Reagan?

Then there was this woman business. It was fine, when the Democrats talked among themselves, for them to make much of the fact that nominating a woman for Vice-President showed what a courageous, progressive or, at the very least, trendy party they were. But the trouble was that out there, where the voters were, there was this feeling that Mondale's selection of a woman, appropriate or not, was merely the desperate act of a desperate man trying to look lively. The nomination of a woman was a bold illusion but, like the illusion of the Floating Lady, its effectiveness dwindled when you could see the wires.

Then there was the problem of what to do about Jesse Jackson.

There had never been a Jesse Jackson before. In the past, when a man of color had been invited to step up and say a few words at a convention, everybody (black and white) had really known that it was a gesture — something it was smart to do, something you were expected to do, but something you didn't *have* to do.

Now, here came Jesse Jackson and let's see anybody try to stop him from being awarded his very own prime time night. This was a man to be feared. He had built his muscles during the primary months while Walter Mondale had been wheezing along out of shape until, here in San Francisco on opening night, he was the most muscular of Democrat candidates with his own actually committed group of voters out there who would do pretty much what he told them to do — nothing, if he told them to do it — on election day. Jesse Jackson had arrived in San Francisco prepared to deliver the goods to Walter Mondale but the goods were a dangerous color.

How close is too close to get to a black man during a nationally televised convention? Well, uh, nobody can really be sure. How would all those Democrats who saw only the dark clouds behind Jackson's rainbow react? All those Democrats who had voted for Reagan before and who might again? What about the Jews? Jews who could forgive Jackson his blackness but not what they perceived as his anti-Semitism. How much at arm's length could Jackson be held before he got sore and savaged Mondale — perhaps this week — perhaps by invitation on prime time! Why, oh why, don't the Republicans have these kinds of problems?

Even allowing for the fact that the grass is always greener, it seemed from the vantage point of San Francisco that the Republicans were unbelievably trouble-free. What about the 300 dead marines? Why, if a good Democrat or a good sort-of Democrat like Jimmy Carter had had 300 dead marines in his recent history he would have been haunted and hounded by their ghosts. How then had Reagan escaped their specters? How about the Grenada invasion? That little Disneyland war fought over an issue so questionable it made the Falkland Island adventure look like a great crusade. To the Democrats it had seemed that the Grenada invasion was a catnip issue, one that could keep a dozen gag writers employed for three months thinking up lines to bedevil Reagan with. Except — Good God! — the polls showed the people, the voters, actually got a kick out of Grenada. They had seen the invasion foot-

age on television (finally) and it looked so much like a good old John Wayne movie that it filled America with nostalgia for better days and left Americans wishing there were some other little reasonably safe beach they could go invade just to feel like heroes again.

Not to mention — and how the hell do you mention — the fact that the economy had improved. It had. What do you say about that? The economy hadn't improved for everyone, of course. It hadn't improved for some of the activist delegates who packed the convention hall or for some of the constituents they represented. But any illusion produced on this stage would have to please that huge television audience of potential Democrat voters for whom the economy *had* improved. It is all very well to be for the poor and downtrodden as long as the poor and downtrodden is "us" the way it was for many of the San Francisco Democrats. But when the poor and downtrodden becomes "them" the way it still was for most of the American middle class out there beyond the Sierras, it is wise to be cautious in pledging tax dollars to support aid programs.

These, then, were the problems the Democrats had to work around when they produced their San Francisco illusion.

In Dallas, the problems were far fewer and more simply stated. The biggest of these was figuring out a way to hide the nuts.

Ever since 1964, except for some stagnation during the Nixon years, the Republican Party had been moving toward the right. It had been moving as a glacier moves, swallowing everything in its path and leaving a trail of damaged and discarded refuse in its wake. In Dallas, the damaged and discarded refuse was the old, Eastern moderate wing of the Republican party which appeared most often in the person of Senator Lowell Weicker, who was constantly on television wringing his hands, shaking his head and mourning the direction his party had taken. But he was no problem.

The problem was what the party had swallowed. It had swallowed extremists with harsh glints in their eyes. Ministers who were perceived as born-again McCarthyites waving the cross like a truncheon. Yes, and there was also a sprinkling of dust-bowl Samurais who, if they didn't want to go off and nuke Omsk tomorrow morning at seven, certainly seemed willing to roll that intriguing idea around in their minds.

In the new mold of the Republican party, these factions stood out like grapes in jello. It seemed necessary to cater to them. Polls might show that the Moral Majority was not a majority, but how significant a minority was it? That was the compelling question. In Dallas, Ronald Reagan faced a problem similar to Mondale's San Francisco dilemma. How close can you stand to Phyllis Schlafly on national television?

And, speaking of that worthy, what about the woman problem? Ms Schlafly, the First Valkyrie of the Republican party, was less a feminist than Boy George. The Republicans had to demonstrate that they could so get a girl — one of these modern girls who had a job and read books — to stand up on the podium and say nice things about them. There was no way of telling how many American women would suffer Walter Mondale as President in exchange for the heady experience of pulling a curtain and voting for Geraldine Ferraro. The Republican platform, carpentered by those zealous ministers, might tell a woman that her body was not her own in the delivery room but there was no way to control what she did with it in the voting booth. Life, as both parties were soon to testify, was full of problems.

It was from these lists of assets and liabilities that both parties had to draft their scripts for the pop-art extravaganza of the conventions. The Democrats would have to go on first like the prosecution in a felony case. The Republicans followed with the defense and were, therefore, in a position of tactical advantage.

Now, some months later, we can look back on those conventions the way we look back on a movie we saw last summer. Not a very good movie either. We can remember certain actors, certain lines, certain performances. We can award Oscars and celebrate new talent.

Best Performance by the Child of Italian Immigrants, Male — goes to Mario Cuomo, who orates like Frank Sinatra sings — softly, caressing the microphone with inflections. He played the part of somebody who would like to be the first United States President with a name ending in a vowel. It was his job to spread the news that Ronald Reagan does not know or care that many Americans are poor.

Best Performance by the Child of Italian Immigrants, Female — Geraldine Ferraro, who had the broadest role of any actor on the bill. She had to be the Woman, the Future, and the Symbol of the Poor and Deprived (which was to come back and haunt her almost immediately).

Jesse Jackson won for melodrama. He spoke representing Jesse Jackson first, black American second, and, finally, other hues of brown, yellow and red. His was the most riveting performance.

And finally (for Carter is forgotten by now and so is Hart) Walter Mondale, who had a bit part in his own play — a kind of Hitchcock walk-on role — is worthy of notice for having delivered the most memorable single line at the convention.

"I will raise your taxes," he said. And then explained to us that it was a gutsy thing to say.

The Democrats had all the virtuosos. But, like an all-star jazz band, they did not play well together. In Dallas there was only one featured soloist and that was Ronald Reagan. The best supporting player in Dallas was Jeane Kirkpatrick, who alleges she is a Democrat much the way Lord Haw-Haw pretended he was British. She is the only fifth columnist in politics unless you count poor Weicker and she was put on the bill to promise other Democrats that if they voted for Ronald Reagan they would not be struck dead, their hands frozen to the voting lever.

By and large the conventions were two of the most impoverished pieces of theater produced this summer. The Democrat plot line was maddening and the Republican plot line was frightening. But it didn't matter.

On television, they were art. Anything that runs for eight nights on prime time television is artistically significant. The word art has broadened in our time and its definitions become many. A man who wraps a suburb of San Francisco in Saran wrap is called an artist. Why? Because there's nothing else convenient to call him. Why call him anything? Because he has done something that cannot be overlooked. Why not call him merely a nuisance? Because he has an audience that appreciates or at least tolerates him.

Television has made artists of us all. It is a medium of stagecraft and anyone, willingly or otherwise, who permits himself to appear on television has become, regardless of what he may have been before, an actor dealing in illusion. Like any other kind of theater, television demands illusion and shrugs at substance.

A case in point is that third great artistically significant event of the summer, the Olympic Games. The substantive idea behind Olympic Games is supposed to be that they determine the best athletes in the world. In order to do this, it helps to have athletes from all over the world show up. They didn't this summer but it didn't

matter. The illusion was more important than the substance. What does it matter if an Olympics is short a couple of East German jocks as long as it has 50 grand pianos all playing "Rhapsody in Blue?" Locked into the substance of things you might think it mattered a hell of a lot. But it didn't. The illusion was preserved. As a matter of fact, a made-for-television "sport" was concocted to enhance the proceedings. The "sport" of synchronized swimming. The "sport" of synchronized swimming requires two young ladies to freeze their faces in matching plastic smiles. This is not the kind of thing that would play to good effect in Cleveland Stadium. It requires close work with a television camera. It is a made-for-television something. A made-for-television what? I dunno, sport maybe. Can you award a gold medal for illusion? You certainly can. Well then, can you award the Presidency of the United States of America to an illusion?

There is nothing else available.

The conventions this summer had no political significance. The candidates they met to "select" had already been selected. By the time the Democrats called themselves to theoretical order, the nation knew the five names of the four candidates (Ferraro sometimes signs things Zaccaro) and there was no suspense in that direction.

Interest in the party platform proved to be self-punishing. Democrats were dismayed to hear that their party refused to pass a resolution condemning anti-Semitism. Republicans were angry that their party would not endorse the ERA. But, in the end, the candidates for both parties assured the grieved that the platforms didn't really mean anything anyway.

And so, the platforms proclaimed meaningless, the candidates pre-selected, both parties embarked on political campaigns. One of them won and one of them lost and today, in Washington, a man sits in an Oval Office and runs the country. Or, to put it another way, the country runs him. Or, to put it a third way — it all just runs, somehow.

THE GAMUT

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

In our Winter issue (No. 11), *The Gamut* announced a photography contest on the theme of "Waiting." In other words, we sought pictures that showed people waiting, that illustrated the meaning that waiting (expectation of an event which will probably occur) has for human beings. We received fifty-four submissions — good considering the restriction — of which those we reproduce below are the most interesting. Surprisingly, the first-prize winner and one other were not based on human subjects: a dog, two benches. The concept by this means is transferred from the animal or inanimate subject of the picture to the photographer, and ultimately to the viewer, who generates the abstraction from what is shown. The entire collection proved a genuine challenge for the editors and we wish to thank all those who entered.

THE WINNERS

First Prize ($100): Brenda L. Lewison

Second Prize ($50): Jim Boland

Honorable Mentions (one-year subscriptions to *THE GAMUT*):

Janine Bentivegna
Eileen M. Delehanty
Genevieve Gauthier
Rhoda Grannum
Buena Johnson
Charles J. Mintz
Tom Ritter
Wayne Sot

Brenda L. Lewison *The Flats #1*

Brenda Lewison was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, and has lived in various places in the Northeast before coming to Hudson, Ohio. She is a graduate of Colby College (Maine) and has studied at Kent State University and the Cleveland Institute of Art. Her work has been exhibited in New York, Indianapolis, and other cities as well as in many local galleries and shows, including the Cleveland Museum of Art May Show. The day she took her prize-winning photograph (with an Omega 4 × 5 view camera, on Kodak Tri-X film), she was driving around the Cleveland Flats. After setting up her camera, she saw the dog had gone back inside. "I tried conjuring: 'Come back, dog, . . . come back, dog.'" Many minutes later, he returned and she was able to make several exposures, of which this is her preference. She is fascinated by the geometry of man-made forms contrasted with the softness and irregularity of living beings.

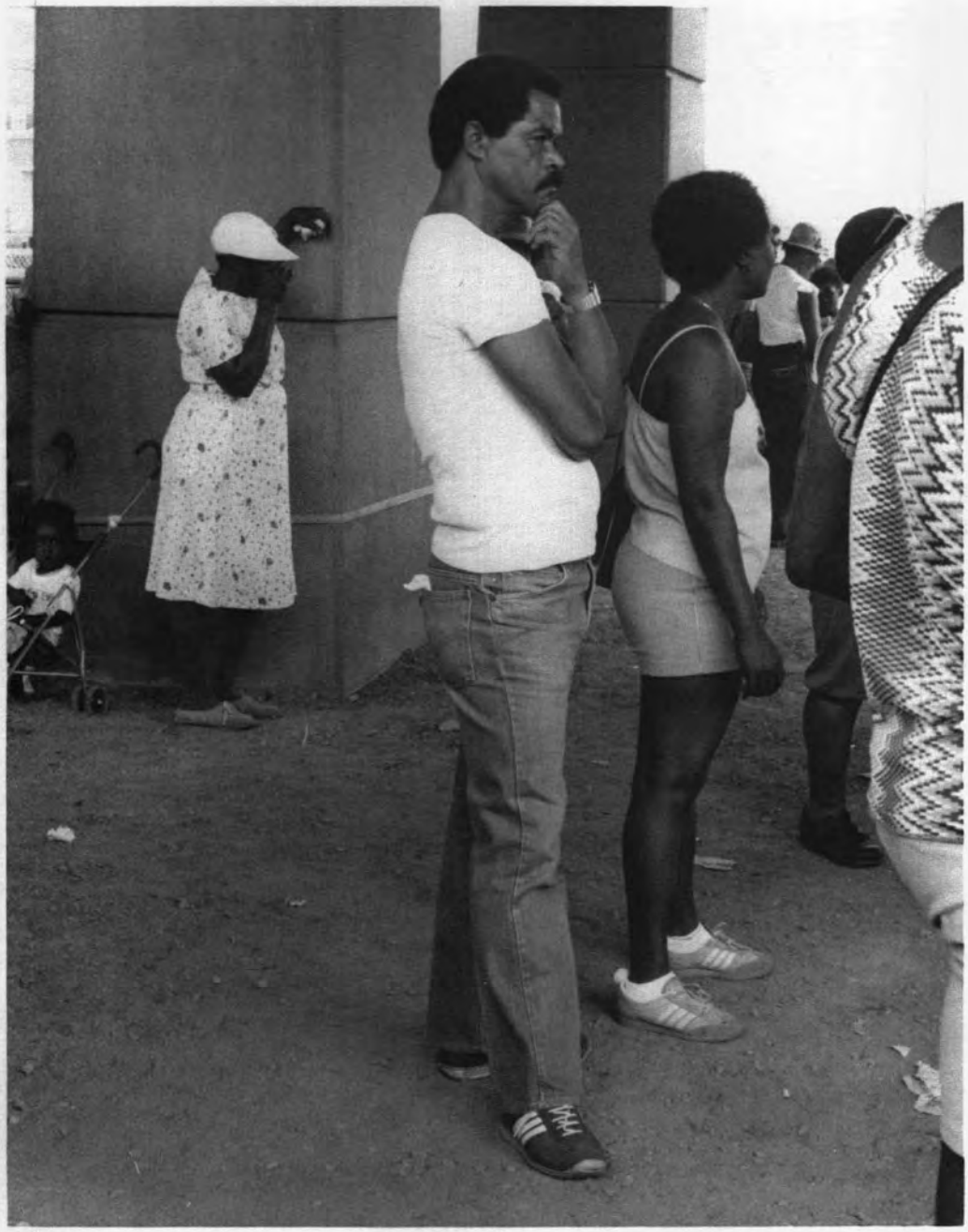
Jim Boland *Loading Zone*

Jim Boland has lived in Cleveland nearly all his life. He studied at Cuyahoga Community College and Pratt Institute and now works as a photographer and audio-visual specialist.

Janine Bentivegna *Untitled*

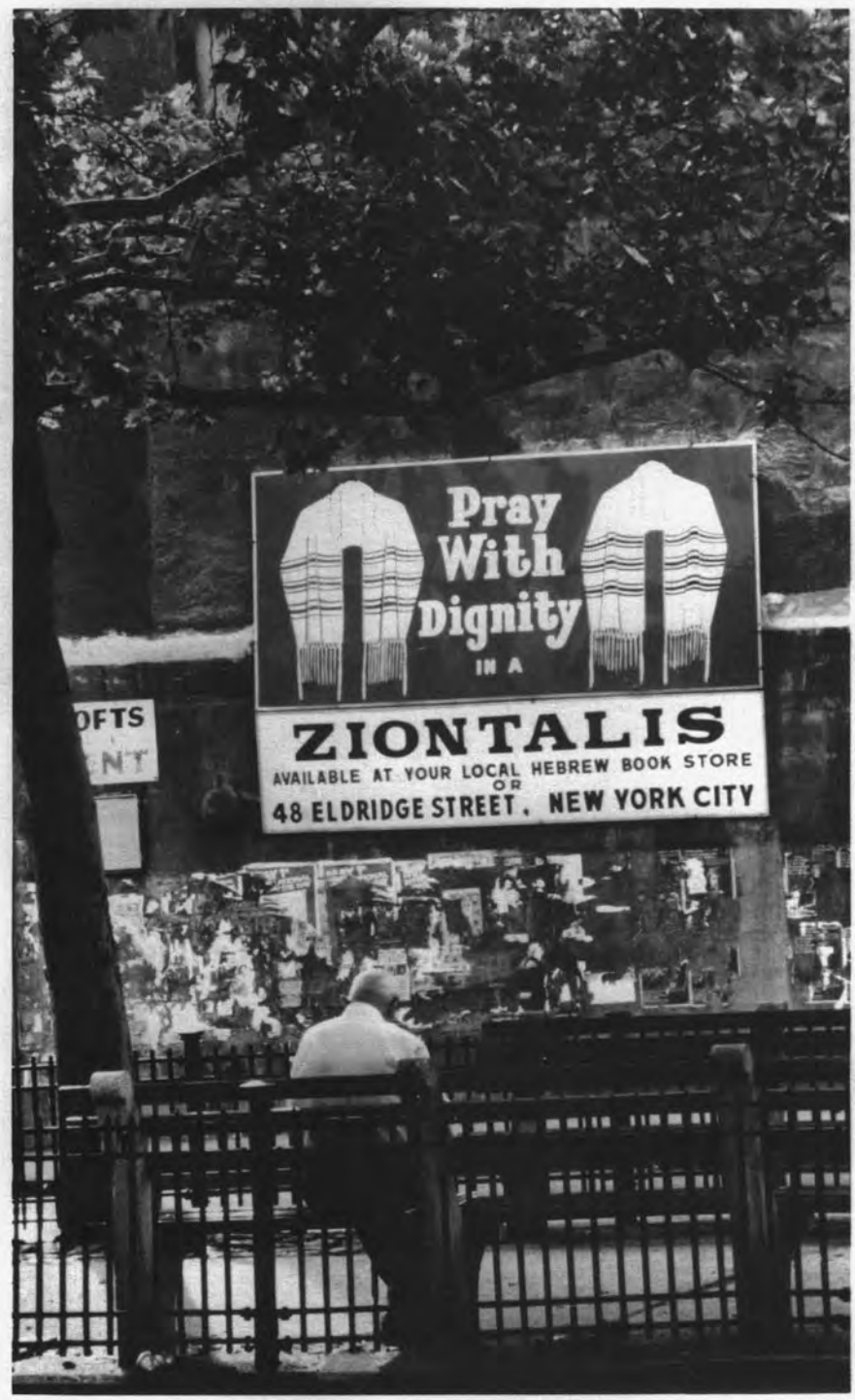
Eileen M. Delehanty *Untitled*

Genevieve Gauthier *Waiting for the Parade*

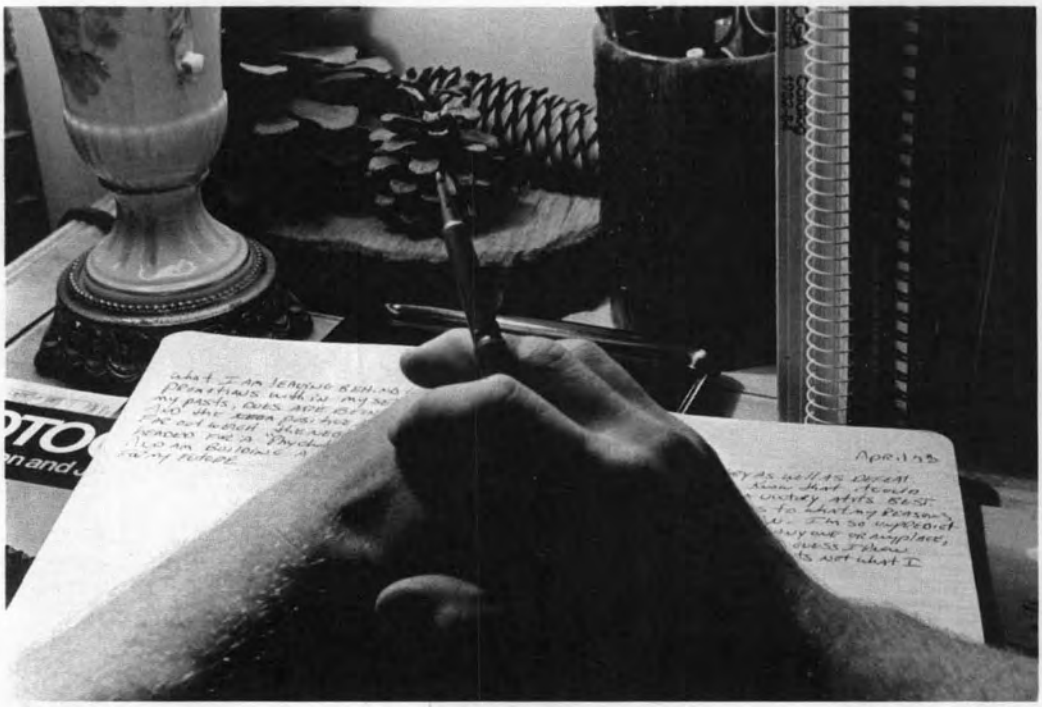


Rhoda Grannum *Untitled*

Buena Johnson *Untitled*



Charles J. Mintz *Pray with Dignity*



Tom Ritter *Untitled*

Wayne Sot *Untitled*

Louis Giannetti

Italian Neorealist Cinema

The European cinema of the 1940s was dominated by World War II and the post-war reconstruction. The major film-producing countries were also the principal combatants. The war took an estimated 40 or 50 million lives in bombings, starvation, epidemics, and massacres; it reduced to rubble cities like Hamburg, Stalingrad, Dresden, and the monastery of Monte Cassino, and left over 20 million people homeless in Western Europe alone. Miraculously, a humanistic film movement blossomed in the midst of this rubble and despair — Italian Neorealism. It was spearheaded by such gifted artists as Roberto Rossellini, Vittorio De Sica, and Luchino Visconti.

Neorealism seemed to have sprung up spontaneously from the smoke and debris of the war, but in fact the movement had its roots in the pre-war era. When Benito Mussolini and the Fascists seized power in 1922, one of his many promised reforms was to recapture the international prestige that the Italian cinema had enjoyed briefly in the early teens. Unlike most of his promises, Mussolini carried out this one, though the anticipated cinematic masterpieces never materialized — at least not until after his political overthrow in 1943.

During the early Fascist era the film industry was in a state of serious decline: its output dwindled to about ten features annually — a mere 6 per cent of the movies exhibited in the country. Most of these were mediocre genre films, strictly for local consumption. In the mid 1930s, however, when the film industry was on the verge of extinction, Mussolini finally did make good on his promise. In 1935 he established the Centro Sperimentale de Cinematografia, a national film school which was run by Luigi Chiarini, a left-wing intellectual. Unlike the Nazi regime in Germany, the Italian Fascists were somewhat tolerant of political deviation, provided it was discreet. Chiarini was discreet, but no hypocrite, nor was he a flunky for the Fascists. Indeed, he encouraged a number of students who, like himself, were Marxist in their sympathies, among them such future filmmakers as Roberto Rossellini, Luigi Zampa, Pietro Germi, Giuseppe De Santis, and Michelangelo Antonioni.

The school also published a prestigious film journal, *Bianco e Nero*, which attracted some of the finest theoreticians of the period. (A rival journal, *Cinema*, was edited by Vittorio Mussolini, the dictator's son. It too was surprisingly permissive, and published numerous articles critical of the contemporary Italian cinema.) In 1938, the Mussolini regime constructed the vast Cinecittà studio outside of Rome. It was the most sophisticated production facility in Europe, boasting the most advanced equipment, 16 sound stages, and many back-lot sets.

All of this had its price, of course. After 1935, the Fascists largely controlled the film industry. But, as in Nazi Germany, most fiction movies produced in Italy during this era were escapist entertainments, such as the

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Louis Giannetti was born in Natick, Massachusetts, and is now Professor of English and Film at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland. He holds the B.A. from Boston University and the M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Iowa. Before arriving in Cleveland in 1970, he taught at Emory University in Atlanta. He has been film reviewer for Cleveland Magazine *and currently writes reviews for* Northern Ohio Live. *His writings have also appeared in* The Western Humanities Review, Literature/Film Quarterly *and other journals. He is the author of several books, including the successful text* Understanding Movies *(Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1972; second edition, 1976),* Masters of the American Cinema *(1981), and* Flashback *(in press) from which the present article is partly drawn.*

Open City (1945), directed by Roberto Rossellini. The grainy, documentary-like images of this famous movie reinforced its air of authenticity — suggesting newsreel footage fortuitously captured on the run. The images are often haphazardly composed and have a deliberate "roughness" — like snapshots wrested from the fluctuations of time.

"white telephone" films of the 1930s, which were inferior imitations of Hollywood originals, in which glamorous characters suffered from rarefied passions in swanky apartments that featured white telephones. In imitation of the Germans, the Fascists required all movie theaters to show government-sponsored propaganda documentaries to accompany the main features.

Foreign films were carefully regulated and by law had to be dubbed into Italian before they could be exhibited. In this way, "dangerous" ideas could be censored out by substituting harmless dialogue. To this day, most Italian movies are dubbed for sound after a film has been photographed, and sometimes even after being edited. Foreign films are still dubbed rather than subtitled, no longer for political reasons but because Italian audiences dislike subtitles.

The term "Neorealism" (i.e., new realism) was originally coined in 1943 by Umberto Barbero, an influential film critic and a professor at the Centro Sperimentale. He attacked the Italian cinema for its mindless triviality and its refusal to deal with pressing social concerns, especially poverty and injustice. He turned to the French cinema of the 1930s for models, lauding the poetic realism in the movies of Marcel Carné and Julien Duvivier, and the warm socialist humanism in the works of Jean Renoir. Barbero also lamented the phony glamor of Italian movies, insisting that the glossy production values and stylistic flourishes were merely camouflaging a moral sterility. Above all, he called for a cinema of simplicity and humanity.

Roberto Rossellini (1906-1977) inaugurated the Neorealist movement in 1945 with his stark wartime drama *Open City*, which deals with the cooperation of Catholics and Communists in fighting the Nazis shortly before the American army liberated Rome. Rossellini may have shot some of the footage

while the Nazis were actually evacuating the capital. Technically the film is rather crude. Since good quality film was impossible to obtain, Rossellini had to use inferior newsreel stock. Yet the technical flaws and the resultant grainy images convey a sense of journalistic immediacy and authenticity. (Many Neorealists began their careers as journalists, and Rossellini himself began as a documentarist.) Virtually all of the movie was shot in actual locations, and there are many exterior shots in which no additional lights were used. With the exception of the principals, the actors were nonprofessionals. The structure of the movie is episodic — a series of vignettes showing the reactions of Roman citizens to the German occupation.

Rossellini refused to idealize his characters, focusing not on heroes but ordinary people in heroic moments. His blending of Marxism and Catholicism was historically accurate, for the Partisan movement was largely organized by Italian Communists, and a number of Catholic clergymen also joined the Resistance. Rossellini's compassion for the victims of oppression was not narrowly ideological, however, for he sympathized even with those who betrayed their better instincts. The film is saturated with a sense of unrelenting honesty. "This is the way things are," Rossellini is said to have declared after the film premiered. The statement became the motto of the Neorealist movement.

Open City established Anna Magnani as an international star. A gifted comedienne as well as a powerful dramatic actress, she specialized in playing fiery working-class heroines. She was not conventionally glamorous, and wore little or no makeup. Her gestures were spontaneous, abrupt, often contradictory. In quiet scenes she has to make an effort to control her volatile feelings. Her hair and clothing, like her movements, fly in every direction, scarcely attended to. She can be brave and forceful, as well as feminine, sexy, and maternal. Magnani was the most admired Italian actress of her generation. Her naturalistic style of playing was so seamlessly artful that it looked more like behaving than performing. She was also popular in the United States, and appeared in three American movies — the best of them being *The Rose Tattoo* (1955, directed by Daniel Mann), for which she won the Best Actress Academy Award. The role was written especially for her by Tennessee Williams.

Open City was an international success, both commercially and critically. It won several awards, including the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival, and was especially popular in the United States, Great Britain, and France. It was the only Neorealist movie which enjoyed wide box-office popularity in Italy itself. The film provided a rallying point for an entire generation of Italian filmmakers whose creative talents had been stifled by the repressive Fascist regime. Within the next few years, there followed an astonishing series of movies which catapulted the Italians into the front ranks of the international cinema: Rossellini's *Paisà* and *Germany: Year Zero*, De Sica's *Shoeshine*, *Bicycle Thief*, and *Umberto D*, Visconti's *La Terra Trema* (*The Earth Trembles*), Luigi Zampa's *To Live in Peace*, Alberto Lattuada's *Senza Pietà* (Without Pity), Pietro Germi's *In the Name of the Law* and *The Path to Hope*, Giuseppe De Santis's *Bitter Rice*, and others. Of course, there are considerable differences among these directors, and even between their early and later works.

Neorealism implied not only a style but an ideology. Rossellini emphasized ideology: "For me, Neorealism is above all a moral position from which to look at the world. It then became an aesthetic position, but at the beginning it was moral." De Sica and Visconti also stressed morality as the touchstone of Neorealism. The main *ideological* characteristics of the movement can be summarized as follows: (1) a new democratic spirit, with emphasis on the value of ordinary people like laborers, peasants, and factory workers; (2) a compassionate point of view and a refusal to make facile moral judgments; (3) a preoccupation with Italy's Fascist past and its aftermath of wartime devastation, poverty, unemployment, prostitution, and the black market; (4) a blending of Christian and Marxist humanism; and (5) an emphasis on emotions rather than abstract ideas.

The *stylistic* features of Neorealism include: (1) an avoidance of neatly plotted stories in favor of loose, episodic structures which evolve organically from the situations of the characters; (2) a documentary visual style; (3) the use of actual locations — usually exteriors — rather than studio sets; (4) the use of nonprofessional actors, even for principal roles; (5) an avoidance of literary dialogue in

favor of conversational speech, including dialect; and (6) an avoidance of artifice in the editing, camera work, and lighting in favor of a simple "styleless style."

Rossellini's next two pictures also dealt with the war. *Paisà* (1946) is an anthology of six separate episodes, structured geographically, beginning with the American invasion of Sicily and working northward up the Italian peninsula to the Po Valley. Among other things, the film deals with the collision of two cultures — those of the liberation forces of the U.S. Army, and those of the native Italian population, who were suspicious of all kinds of authority. The movie reflects the shame and humiliation that many Italians felt in the final years of the war, when the country was split between two occupying powers. The movie's title, a dialect term for *paisano*, meaning fellow citizen, is charged with bittersweet ironies, like the film itself. Each episode of the movie was shot on authentic locations, and all the actors were nonprofessionals. Much of it was simply improvised by Rossellini and his two writers, Federico Fellini and Sergio Amidei. The third of the War trilogy, *Germany: Year Zero* (1947), shot in the ruins of Berlin, and also acted by nonprofessional players, is generally regarded as the weakest film of the War Trilogy. More forced and melodramatic than the other two, it is also more glossy in its photographic style.

In the following years, Rossellini's career was a series of ups and downs, mostly downs. He made several movies featuring his lover Anna Magnani, the most famous of which is *The Miracle* (1948). Then he directed a series of films with his new wife, Ingrid Bergman: *Stromboli* (1949) and *Voyage to Italy* (1953) are the most critically admired of these. *General Della Rovere* (1959) was a commercial and critical success, starring Vittorio De Sica in one of his finest performances, as a conman who impersonates a famous military hero during World War II. After the late 1950s, Rossellini returned to his first love — documentary, mostly produced for French and Italian television, and dealing with historical figures and their times. The most admired of these period reconstructions is *The Rise of Louis XIV* (France, 1966).

Vittorio De Sica (1901-1974) began his career as an actor in the live theater, specializing in musical comedy. Throughout the 1930s the handsome actor was a popular leading man in a variety of light entertainment films which exploited his roguish charm and flair for comedy. In 1940 he began directing as well as acting in movies, most of them comedies. After meeting Cesare Zavattini, a Marxist and a film theorist as well as a screenwriter, De Sica's movies became deeper, more sensitive, more ambitious. Their first collaboration, *The Children Are Watching Us* (1943), is also De Sica's first important work, and it established him as a gifted director of juveniles.

Of all the Neorealists, De Sica is the most accessible and emotionally powerful. But the emotions are artistically earned, not piously extorted. He is equalled only by François Truffaut as a great director of children, and like Truffaut, he is capable of presenting the innocence of childhood without coyness, without reducing them to adorable tykes. In *Shoeshine* (1946) for example, the brotherly friendship between two street urchins is presented matter-of-factly, without knowing winks to the audience. The loving bond between these two boys is perverted not by stereotypical villains, but by ordinary adults who are too busy, too greedy, or too preoccupied with their own desires to question the morality of their cynical indifference. As Zavattini pointed out, such real-life stories were commonplace in post-war Italy.

The De Sica-Zavattini team became one of the most famous collaborations in film history. Although both artists worked apart from each other, their solo achievements seldom approached the power of their joint efforts, which include *Shoeshine*, *Bicycle Thief*, *Miracle in Milan*, *Umberto D*, *Two Women*, *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, and *A Brief Vacation*, not to mention a half dozen lighter films. The dialectical tension between the Catholic De Sica and the Communist Zavattini fused poetry with politics, feeling with fact.

Zavattini became the unofficial spokesman for the Neorealist movement, though his strong Marxist leanings and hostility to technical artifice didn't always match the beliefs of his colleagues. His compassion for the plight of the underprivileged and his anti-Fascist fervor, however, were shared by all Neorealists. More than any single individual, Zavattini defined the ordinary and the everyday as the main business of the çinema. Spectacular events and extraordinary characters should be avoided at all costs, he be-

lieved. He claimed that his ideal movie would consist of 90 consecutive minutes from a person's actual life. There should be no barriers between reality and the spectator, no directorial virtuosity to "deform" the integrity of life as it is. The artistry should be invisible, the materials "excavated" and revealed, rather than shaped or invented. Filmmaking is not a matter of "inventing fables," which are superimposed over the factual materials of life, but of searching unrelentingly to uncover the dramatic implications of these facts. The purpose of the cinema is to explore the "dailyness" of events, to reveal certain details that had always been there, but had never been noticed.

Zavattini's sociological rigor was the perfect complement for De Sica's poetic sensibility and comic poignancy. A good example of their artistic synthesis is found in *Bicycle Thief* (1948), their greatest triumph. The film was acted entirely by nonprofessionals, and consists of simple events in the life of a laborer, played by Lamberto Maggiorani, who was an actual factory worker. At the time the film was made, nearly a quarter of the work force in Italy was unemployed. At the opening we are introduced to the protagonist, a family man with a wife and two children to support. He has been out of work for two years. Finally, a billboard posting job opens up, but in order to accept it, he must have a bicycle. In order to get his bike out of hock, he and his wife pawn their sheets and bedding (her wedding dowry). On his first day on the job, the bicycle is stolen. The rest of the movie deals with his attempts to recover it. The man's search grows increasingly more frantic as he criss-crosses the city with his ten-year-old son, Bruno (Enzo Staiola).

De Sica's idol was Charlie Chaplin, and there is a Chaplinesque blend of pathos and comedy in almost all of his works. In *Bicycle Thief* the comedy is found primarily in the character of Bruno, who trails after his distracted, anxious father like a little old man, filled with worry and concern. The protagonist is repeatedly frustrated and humiliated,

Scene from *The Bicycle Thief* (1948), directed by Vittorio De Sica.

as he seeks first to recover the bicycle from the thief and then vainly attempts to steal one himself. Caught by a pursuing mob, he is humiliated in front of a crowd that includes his son. With the bitterness of betrayed innocence, the youngster suddenly realizes that his dad is not the heroic figure he had formerly thought, but an ordinary man who in desperation yielded to a degrading temptation.

Like most Neorealist films, *Bicycle Thief* doesn't offer a slick solution. There are no miraculous interventions in the final reel. The concluding scene shows the boy walking alongside his father in an anonymous crowd, both of them choking with shame and weeping silently. Almost imperceptibly, the boy's hand gropes for his father's as they walk homeward, their only comfort a mutual compassion.

De Sica followed this film with other explorations of social indifference, such as *Umberto D* (1952), which deals with the economic hardships of a crusty old pensioner. *The Roof* (1956) centers on a young working-class couple and their problems in finding a place to live. "My films are a struggle against the absence of human solidarity," De Sica has said, "against the indifference of society towards suffering. They are a word in favor of the poor and the unhappy." Not all of his movies have explored this theme in the style of Neorealism: *Miracle in Milan* (1951), for example, is a charming fable in which the main characters, economically dispossessed and finding no justice on earth, mount their broomsticks and fly up to heaven in the hope of finding better living conditions.

Sometimes De Sica, in order to finance his more serious projects, was forced to direct light entertainment movies or films that were compromises, fusing social themes with box-office viability. One of these, *Gold of Naples* (1954), initiated a series of lusty comedies starring Sophia Loren, one of his favorite performers. Others in this series include *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, and *Marriage, Italian Style* (both 1964). Their finest collaboration, *Two Women* (1961), written by Zavattini, was a return to the tenets of Neorealism. The movie deals with an earthy peasant (Loren) and her thirteen-year-old daughter in their efforts to avoid the bombardments of World War II. Loren's powerful performance was a startling revelation even to her admirers, and it won her the Best Actress Academy Award, the New York Film Critics Award, and the top prize at the Cannes Film Festival.

De Sica's final masterpiece, the understated *Garden of the Finzi-Continis* (1970), deals with the deportation of Italian Jews to Nazi Germany. The director drew from personal experience in making the movie, for during the worst period of anti-Semitic persecution he harbored several Jewish families in his home, saving them from almost certain extermination.

Luchino Visconti (1906-1976) had the unusual distinction of being both a Marxist and an aristocrat — he was the Duke of Modrone and the descendant of a family powerful in Milan in Dante's time. Of all the Neorealists, he was the most overtly political. He was also the movement's pre-eminent aesthete, departing considerably from the plain, unadorned style favored by most Neorealists. A famous opera director as well as a filmmaker, Visconti staged some of the most celebrated productions of Milan's La Scala opera house, most notably those of his protegée, American soprano Maria Callas. Visconti also directed in the live theater, and won world-wide recognition for his productions of such plays as *Antigone*, *No Exit*, and several Shakespearean works.

As a youth, Visconti enjoyed a life of luxury. His main interests were art and horse breeding and racing. He eventually developed a serious interest in costume and set design, and travelled to London and Paris in search of practical outlets for these interests. In France, where he worked as an assistant to Jean Renoir in the production of *The Lower Depths* and *A Day in the Country* (both 1936), Visconti was deeply affected by the left-wing humanism of the Popular Front, a coalition of French artists, intellectuals, and workers who decried the growing menace of totalitarianism which was engulfing Europe.

Visconti was also influenced by the writings of Antonio Gramsci, a Marxist political philosopher and co-founder of the Italian Communist Party. Gramsci was a key figure in the formation of what eventually came to be called Eurocommunism — a form of socialism, typical of the western European nations, which preserved a considerable aloofness from the Soviet version. Gramsci was — and his disciples still are — strongly democratic, humanistic, and anti-totalitarian

in their values. When he returned to Italy in the late 1930s, Visconti was an outspoken critic of the Fascist regime, and during the war he joined the Resistance movement. Throughout his adult life, he remained a staunch Marxist, championing the cause of oppressed and exploited people, both as an artist and as a private citizen.

His first movie, *Ossessione* (Obsession, 1942), was made in the face of considerable opposition by the Fascist authorities. Loosely based on James M. Cain's American novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, the film is a sordid tale of adultery, greed, and murder — hardly the kind of cinema favored by the Fascist regime. The movie was heavily censored by the authorities, who insisted on many cuts before it was permitted to be shown. *Ossessione* is sometimes said to be a precursor of Neorealism because it deals with working-class characters, was photographed in a documentary style on actual locations, and featured intensely realistic performances by unglamorized actors. But the film lacks the moral dimension of Neorealism. Visconti's tone is detached and objective rather than compassionate. The story is essentially a character study and is presented without much ideological context. The movie is tough and unsentimental, a minor masterpiece which is not only uncharacteristic of its period but of its creator as well.

Visconti's next film, *La Terra Trema* (*The Earth Trembles*, 1948), was the first of a projected trilogy which was to deal with the problems of the traditionally impoverished south of Italy. Partly financed by the Communist Party, the movie is set in a barren fishing village in Sicily and reveals how the fishermen and their families are exploited by a small group of wholesalers, who reap the profits, leaving only crumbs to the workers. One of the fishermen leads a revolt, despite opposition from conservative members of his own family and class. In the end, he and his comrades suffer a crushing defeat and they are reduced to even worse poverty than before.

La Terra Trema has an epic quality and contains images of great power and emotional force reminiscent of the works of Eisenstein and Robert Flaherty. The cast was composed entirely of nonprofessionals, who spoke in a peasant dialect so obscure that many mainlanders were unable to understand the dialogue. Visconti's staging is formal and complex, despite the natural lighting and authentic locations. The characters' movements are elegantly choreographed to suggest the grandeur of Greek tragedy. The film, over three hours long, was a box-office failure, and the other two installments of the trilogy were never completed. The combination of his Marxist point of view and refined sensibility prompted several commentators to refer to Visconti as "the Red Duke" — a nickname that rather pleased him.

In the following decades, Visconti's movies became progressively more stylized, like those of most Italian filmmakers. *Bellissima* (1951), a warm domestic drama starring Anna Magnani, was one of his few attempts at comedy. *Senso* (1954), his first period film, is a meticulously crafted romantic melodrama about the masochistic agony of sexual passion — a frequent theme in Visconti's works. *Rocco and His Brothers* (1960), a return to realism, chronicles the disintegration of a family of southern peasants after they migrate to Milan in search of a better life.

The Leopard (1963), one of Visconti's greatest triumphs, is based on a novel by Giuseppe de Lampedusa, and stars Burt Lancaster as an aging Sicilian aristocrat in the turbulent final decades of the nineteenth century. The movie is a dazzling recreation of the period, filled with lavish balls, battle scenes, and the elaborately formal rituals of a dying class. The tone is melancholy and elegiac. Despite his sympathetic treatment of the central character, Visconti's analysis of class antagonism is objective and rigorously Marxist. Like several of the director's later works, *The Leopard* was released in the U.S. in a shortened version and dubbed into English, but the original-length Italian-language version is infinitely superior.

In subsequent years, Visconti directed several literaryadaptations, including *The Stranger* (1967), starring Marcello Mastroianni, based on the French existential novel by Albert Camus. *Death in Venice* (1970), with Dirk Bogarde, was an adaptation of the famous German novella by Thomas Mann. Visconti also directed two period films about German culture: *The Damned* (1969), which deals with the Nazi era, and *Ludwig II* (1972), about a notoriously decadent aristocrat of the nineteenth century. The florid, overripe style

of these pictures is deliberately garish, a visual embodiment of waste, excess, and moral decay.

Visconti's final two works were *Conversation Piece* (1975), once again starring Burt Lancaster, and *The Innocent* (1976), a wry morality tale about sexual liberation set in the late nineteenth century, and starring Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli. Visconti, a bisexual, viewed the sex drive as an essentially self-destructive force, whether straight or gay; he also believed that great wealth and power contain the seeds of the destruction of their owner. In short, in many of his movies he turned against a part of himself — hence their tortured ambivalence.

According to most film historians, Neorealism died in the early 1950s. This is both true and not true. Certainly Neorealism waned during this period, but it never entirely disappeared. The early works of Fellini and Antonioni are clearly indebted to the movement, both aesthetically and ideologically. The movies of such present-day Italian filmmakers as Ermanno Olmi (*The Tree of the Wooden Clogs*) and Paolo and Vittorio Taviani (*The Night of the Shooting Stars*) are in the Neorealist vein. Neorealism also exerted a strong international influence, as can be seen in the works of the Indian filmmaker Satyajit Ray, the British "Kitchen Sink" school of realism of the 1950s (for example, *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*), the Czechoslovak Prague Spring movement of the 1960s, and the films of Ousmane Sembene from Senegal (for example, *Black Girl*), to mention only a few.

The waning of Neorealism can actually be traced to the late 1940s, when the left-center parties that dominated the Italian parliament in the postwar years lost their majority.

Burt Lancaster and Alain Delon in *The Leopard* (1963), directed by Luchino Visconti.

In 1949, the right-center ruling coalition passed the Andreoti Law, which allowed government censors to ban from export any film that presented the country in a "negative" manner. Most Neorealist movies were not popular with Italian audiences and had to earn back their costs through foreign export, especially to the U.S., France, and Great Britain. Cut off from their audiences, Italian Neorealists turned to other subjects in order to survive.

But the times were changing anyway. The "economic miracle" of the 1950s increasingly made Neorealism seem obsolete, and even a Marxist artist like Antonioni admitted that movies about stolen bicycles were not very relevant to the more prosperous decades following the 1940s. "The Italian cinema produces masterpieces because it has few resources," said the French filmmaker René Clair about Neorealism. "But that will soon end, because the Italian cinema will soon be rich."

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Gary Engle

Krazy Kat and the Spirit of Surrealism

Although the distinction between popular culture and high (or elite) culture seems clear-cut enough, the two have a confusingly complicated relationship. For example, popular culture has a perplexing tendency of turning into elite culture, particularly when it can boast historical distance. Charles Dickens's works belonged to the popular culture prized by the middle class but today, owing to the greater appeal of film and radio, he has been put on the shelf among the classics. And there are times when the culture of the masses has a clearly formative influence on the production of high culture. In the pop art movement of the sixties, such gallery artists as Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein found their subject matter in the mass iconography of supermarkets and comic strips. The influence can work the other way as well: portraits of Hector Berlioz and Schopenhauer wind up on T-shirts worn by college students. In fact, the elite culture/popular culture dispute is nowhere more confusing than on the college campus, where elitism is popular and a populist is about the most elitist one could ever hope to be.

But there are rare instances when the relationship is clear, when elite movements and popular culture coexist, serving different audiences but sharing intellectual assumptions and artistic methods. Few clearer examples of this can be found than George Herriman's comic strip *Krazy Kat* and the aesthetic movement known as surrealism.

The first critics to take comic strips seriously called *Krazy Kat* surreal, but their use of the term was more descriptive than analytic and generally referred to the strip's bizarre linguistic and graphic style.[1] Yet when one considers how the spacious desert background of Herriman's Coconino County, in which the action of the strip occurs, conveys the same haunting sense of timelessness and isolation to be observed in Salvador Dali's desolate landscapes or Giorgio de Chirico's stark, sparsely populated canvases, one begins to sense the possible depths of connection between America's most eccentric comic strip and one of the twentieth century's most influential aesthetic movements.

Though it had its roots in the symbolist movement of the nineteenth century, surrealism really took shape in the years immediately following the First World War and achieved formal status with the publication of André Breton's *Manifeste du Surréalisme* in 1924, the same year, coincidentally, that Gilbert Seldes in his essay titled "The Krazy Kat that Walks by Himself" declared Herriman's strip to be a certifiable work of art, not merely popular culture. Since that time, surrealism has had a widespread, though not a consistent, influence on the art and literature of Western Europe and America. It was succeeded in art by the abstract expressionism of such American artists as Jackson Pollock and Robert Motherwell. From 1924 until his death in 1944, Herriman produced what are gen-

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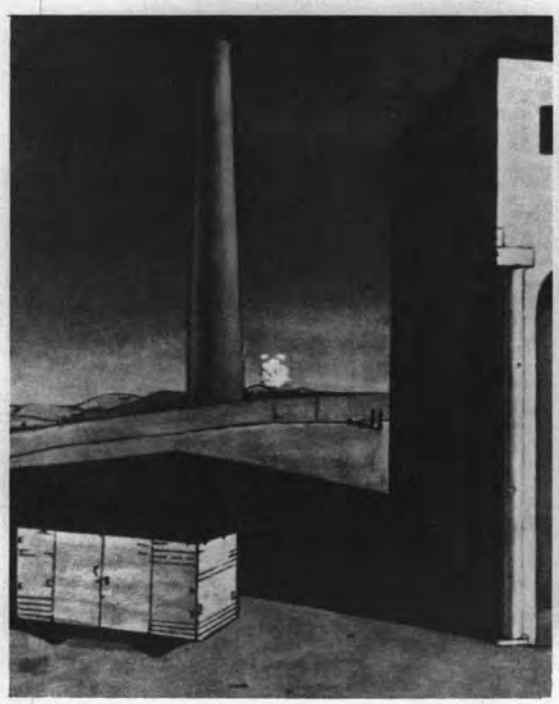
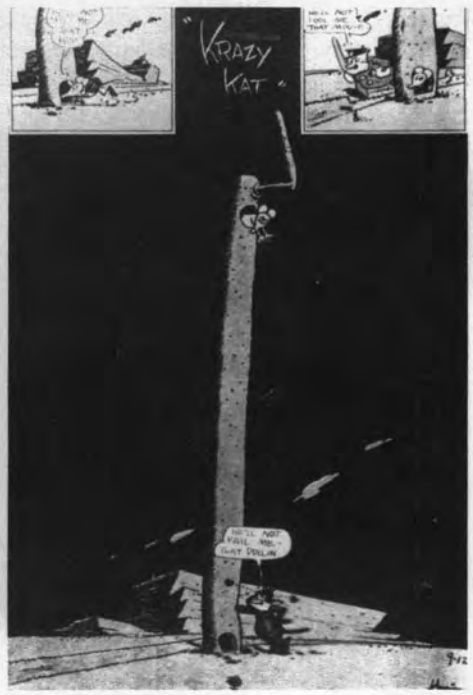
Gary Engle has risen from the silos of Hutchinson, Kansas, to become the Man-about-Town writer for Northern Ohio Live, *a post he fills with appropriate* insouciance. *Leaving Kansas and New Mexico behind, he sought the fashionable atmosphere of the big city and landed in Chicago, whose famous university he induced to award him several degrees, including the doctorate in English, on the basis of a dissertation in nineteenth-century fiction. He has also written a book about minstrel shows entitled* This Grotesque Essence *(Baton Rouge: Louisiana University Press, 1978). Although a sober person, he is attracted by humor, and as part of his work as an associate professor of English he reads comics, both in newspapers and in book form. In the same vein, he is contributing editor to the* History of American Periodical Literature *series (Greenwood Press) and the* Encyclopedia of American Humor. *His most earnest labors at this season are concentrated on "landscape excavation" around his new house. The present article is based on a talk given to a conference in Detroit, which attracted notice from the* New York Times.

Above: Salvador Dali, *Paranoic-Astral Image*, 1934 (Wadsworth Atheneum; Hartford, CT). Below left: Giorgio de Chirico, *The Anguish of Departure*, 1913-1914 (The Albright- Knox Gallery; Buffalo, NY). Below right: *Krazy Kat*, September 12, 1937 (courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc.). Like so many of the surrealists, Herriman cultivated an emptiness in his visual backgrounds that underscored the essentially isolated emotional states of his characters.





erally regarded as his finest strips, particularly the full-page Sunday comics of the late twenties and thirties. *Krazy Kat* made a substantial impact on the American intellectual community precisely when that community was most deeply engaged with the surrealist avant-garde.

At the risk of distorting surrealism through oversimplification, I would suggest that there are three closely related important elements of the movement which correspond rather dramatically to certain thematic and stylistic elements of *Krazy Kat*. These are: 1) the movement's grounding in the intellectual revolution brought about by psychoanalysis; 2) the movement's commitment to symbolic representation; 3) the presence of specific motifs of distortion used to create dream states which provide access to the unconscious.[2]

Surrealism was in great part an attempt to manifest in purely aesthetic terms many of the theoretical assumptions of psychoanalysis. Paramount among these was a belief in the role of the unconscious in human behavior. A primary goal of surrealism, like the goal of psychoanalysis, was to make the unconscious conscious through careful and deliberate dismantling of the rational assumptions governing human perception. At its extreme this resulted in pure visual abstraction, as in Marcel Duchamp's revolutionary *The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even*. Others in the movement relied on grotesque exaggeration, as in Dali's *The Ghost of Vermeer of Delft, Which Can Be Used as a Table*, or incongruous juxtapositions, as in Jindrich Styrsky's *Bathing*. But whatever the technique, the purpose was essentially the same: to circumvent the rational logic of the external subject in order to express the irrational logic that governs the complex interaction of forces at work in the unconscious.

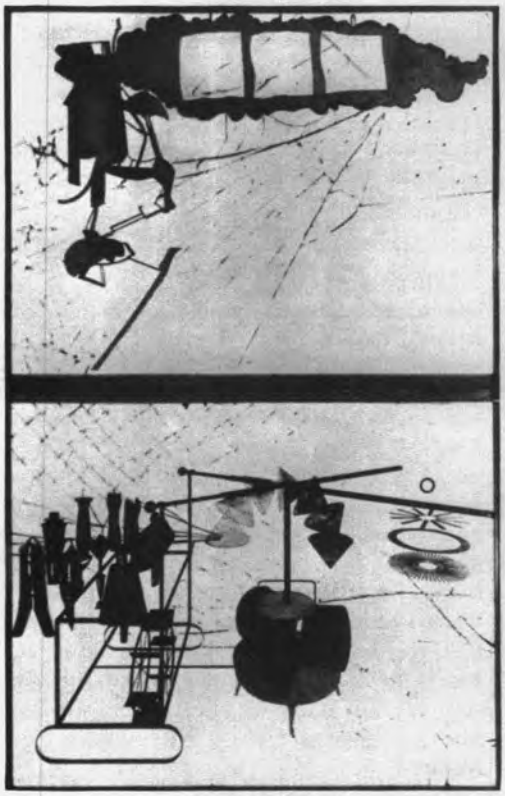
That *Krazy Kat* is particularly well suited to a psychoanalytic interpretation can be clearly observed in the eccentric situation which formed the basis of the strip's most common plot line. Krazy, a cat of uncertain sexual identity, loves Ignatz the mouse, who reciprocates by assaulting Krazy with bricks, which Krazy accepts as signs of deep and abiding love. The third major character, Offisa Pupp, desperately in love with Krazy, maintains a constant vigil and tries to put Ignatz in jail each time a brick is tossed. Krazy is indifferent to Offisa Pupp and perpetually frustrates him by scheming to keep Ignatz free so that more bricks can be tossed.

The surrealistic quality of this situation isn't really that the animals behave in ways different from those rules of nature governing how good cats and mice and dogs ought to behave, for the strip is, after all, a fable. Rather, the surrealism stems from the fact that the humans, or rather the human qualities, which the characters represent are decidedly, splendidly, irretrievably neurotic.

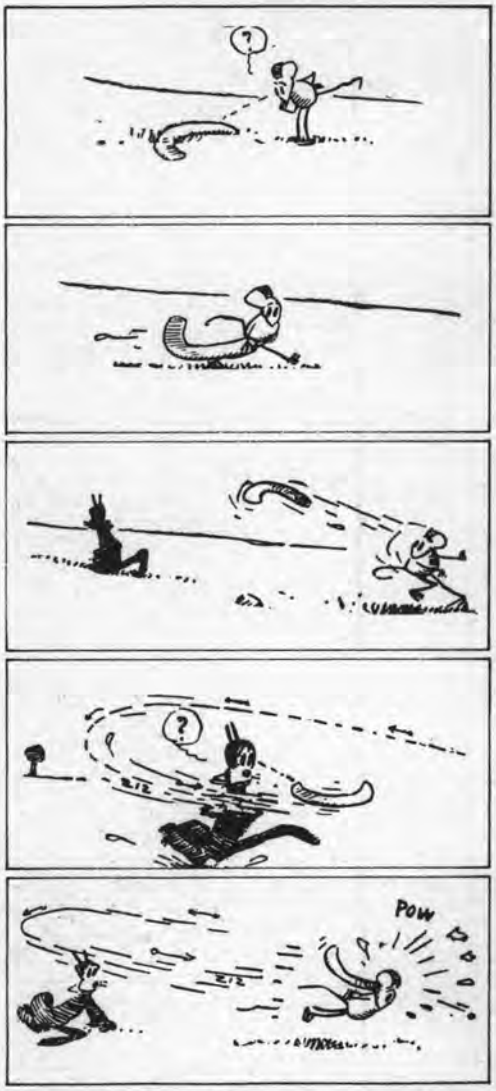
The behavior of the strip's central figures is undeniably pathological. The assaults, the incarcerations, the scheming to circumvent authority all have the character of neurotic compulsion, particularly in the way each act achieves no real goal other than to increase the need for repetition of the act. The more Ignatz tries to free himself from Krazy's love by throwing bricks, the more Krazy loves him. The more Offisa Pupp tries to protect Krazy, the more harm he does to Krazy's psychological well-being. The more Krazy schemes to free Ignatz, the more vigilant Offisa Pupp becomes. Each action merely sustains the tension of the situation by feeding an endless cycle of frustration.

At the heart of this cycle is the mysterious interrelationship between sex and violence, love and aggression, pleasure and pain. Each character is compelled to satisfy an instinctual need for the pleasure of love — Offisa Pupp's love of Krazy as well as Krazy's love of Ignatz. Not to be overlooked is Ignatz's love of brick throwing. To put it simply, the permutations on this core compulsion embody many of the notions corollary to the pleasure principle in psychoanalytic theory. Offisa Pupp, for example, like some "gentil parfit" knight, tolerates pain (unrequited love) for the sake of a greater pleasure (chivalrous service to Krazy). For Krazy, bricks are perceived as missiles of affection; pain is transmogrified into a self-destructive form of pleasure. As for Ignatz, on those rare occasions when a brick is unavailable and he is forced to grab the nearest boomerang, pleasure and pain are truly one.

An axiom of psychoanalytic theory is that what the mind perceives as pleasure or pain is determined not by the real situation in which a person functions, but rather by private needs established in the earliest stages of development and remaining as governing



Above: Marcel Duchamp, *The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even*, 1915-23 (Museum of Art, Philadelphia). Above right: Dali, *The Ghost of Vermeer of Delft, Which Can Be Used as a Table*, 1934 (A. Reynolds Morse Collection; St. Petersburg, FL). Right: Jyndrich Styrsky, *Bathing*, 1934, Collage (Collection Jose Pierre, Paris). Three typical forms of visual irrationality in surrealism. Duchamp's public declaration that *Bride* was an attempt to project his erotic fantasies onto two large sheets of glass strongly contradicts the widely held assumption that the surrealists had no sense of humor.



A daily strip from 1911. Courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc. Herriman had a gift for presenting complex thought and emotion with powerful graphic simplicity. When one begins to contemplate the perverse emotional relationships between the strip's characters, episodes such as this blossom with psychoanalytic implications.

forces in the unconscious. This too has its parallel in the strip.

Krazy's love of Ignatz as well as Ignatz's obsessive aggression are based, according to Herriman, on an incident deeply embedded in what Gilbert Seldes has called Krazy's racial memory. Seldes's summary of the episode, taken from its dramatization in the strip, is succinct and revelatory:

> on a beautiful day, a mouse fell in love with . . . the beautiful daughter of Kleopatra Kat; bashful, advised by a soothsayer to write his love, he carved a declaration on a brick and, tossing the "missive," was accepted, although he had nearly killed the Kat.[3]

There is something Oedipal about this, not only in that it is centered on an unnatural and forbidden love (i.e. between a cat and a mouse), but also in that it becomes something of a repressed complex which continues to motivate the ritualistic, perverse behavior in the strip's plot. Spurred by instincts they can no more control than they can comprehend, Krazy and Ignatz play out their sado-masochistic fantasy with libidinal intensity.[4]

Readers willing to acknowledge the parallels mentioned so far need only a slight exercise of the imagination to read into the strip Freud's tripartite schematization of the mind. Ignatz is the id incarnate. Fueled by an inexhaustible libidinal impulse, his behavior combines both eros and thanatos: eros because it is actually a manifestation of love, thanatos because it is essentially anarchic and poses a dire threat to the strip's ego figure, Krazy. Standing in opposition is Offisa Pupp, a caricature of sincere if ineffectual authority whose behavior fulfills the super-ego role of conscience. His interference might be interpreted as an attempt to make Krazy and Ignatz conform to a rigid ideal of how cats and mice ought to behave. Between these two dynamic forces stands Krazy, whose only goal is to be a "heppy heppy ket," which he/she can only achieve by mediating between the id and super-ego that perpetually struggle for supremacy in the psyche.

It is not my intention here to argue for reading *Krazy Kat* as an allegory of psychoanalytic theory. How much Freudianism one finds in the strip obviously depends to some extent on how much one looks for. But anyone who is not yet convinced that Herriman, like the surrealists, had more than a conver-

Dali, *Accommodations of Desire*, 1929 (Julien Levy Gallery, Inc.; Bridgewater, CT). The dominant motif is the repetition of the lion's head, Dali's father image. Other of Dali's most common symbols are also present. In the upper left corner is a pitcher in the shape of a woman's head, an image repeated several times in Dali's work to signify his commitment to the Freudian notion of woman as vessel. In the lower right corner there is a boulder covered with swarming ants, an image he associated with overwhelming sexual desire. Not all the images are completely personal. Some were in fact shared by other surrealists. In the top center of the picture is a seamed cephalic shape, like the head of a mannequin, which is torn open to reveal a toupee. This image too appears elsewhere in Dali's works and is a central motif in the paintings of Chirico.[6]

sational acquaintance with the works of Sigmund Freud might consider one last bit of evidence having to do with the degree to which Herriman and the surrealists were committed to symbolic representation of content.

In a general sense surrealism was a creative reaction to the despair occasioned by the cataclysm of World War I. The goal of the movement was not so much to escape *from* reality as to conquer its limitations by achieving access to a "sur" reality of which our normal concept of reality was an integral but limited part. Such access could occur through the exercise of enhanced powers of imagination manifested in a state of perception that combined consciousness and unconsciousness on a common plane. The central metaphor for this state was wakeful dreaming, and its most common form of expression involved paintings in which an image taken from the "real" world functioned in a visual field according to a meaning or meanings assigned to it by the artist's unconscious. In a word, surrealism was essentially symbolic.[5]

The symbolism of the movement was most readily noticed in the works of what are now called the veristic surrealists, artists like Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy and Dali. Their uses of symbolic imagery, however, was often so intensely personal, particularly when dealing with sexual themes, that they cannot now be understood without decoding keys. Not all symbols in surrealism, though, were idiosyncratic. Some borrowed from a common store of Freudian imagery and attest to the degree to which the surrealists embraced that portion of psychoanalytic theory dealing with dreams. Like the works of the surrealists, the panels of *Krazy Kat* are filled with images that defy logical explanation. Many of these are identifiable: trees, potted plants, buildings, strange rock formations inspired by the

Distortion of images by a surrealist painter. Top: Jean François Millet, *The Angelus*, 1859 (The Louvre, Paris). Above: Dali, *Angelus Architectonique de Millet*, 1933 (Perls Galleries, New York). Dali not only reversed the peasant couple in the original, he replaced them with the looming anthropomorphic shapes. The female is identified by the orifice in the middle of her form. Her head is bowed as in Millet's version. The smaller male figure is identified by his enormous erect member.

Southwest desert landscape Herriman loved. Others are tantalizingly abstract. The remarkable thing about them, though, is the way Herriman kept them in a perpetual state of flux, even going so far as to change them from frame to frame within a single strip where the action is continuous and the location presumably the same. The result of these kaleidoscopically shifting backgrounds is the creation of a tension between the action and its visual context, a deliberate tension suggesting that plot and visual context are separate levels of the same experience.

The common critical response to this aspect of the strip has been to view it as an indication of Herriman's whimsy, of no more interpretive significance than the fanciful poetic effusions in the dialogue. Yet there are episodes that suggest Herriman was aware of a symbolic and specifically Freudian dimension in the images which could be used to create a subliminal commentary on the plot.

Perhaps the most graphic example is the Sunday strip of July 16, 1922. Of crucial importance are the shifting objects in front of the wall in the lower left corner of each panel. The progress of the action is paralleled by patterned alterations in these objects. In panels "wunn," "threa," "phyve" and "sehvn," when Ignatz and Offisa Pupp are the focus of attention, objects appear as innocent potted plants. But in panels "tuu," "foar" and "siks," they assume a clearly symbolic function. At the instant when Ignatz spies Krazy, the image becomes discernably phallic, tumescent and partially erect. When he throws the brick in panel "foar," the object is suddenly a candle, fully erect and penetrating a doughnut, the agitated motion of which is indicated by small speed lines. In panel "siks," Ignatz, having taken his satisfaction, departs, and the object, though still clearly phallic, becomes flaccid and spent. This, I submit, is Freudianism obvious to the point of self-parody.

In addition to stock Freudian imagery, Herriman seems to have borrowed another visual technique from the surrealists involving the manipulation of framing devices within the visual field. Consider for a moment *Femme dans une Grotte* by the Belgian surrealist, Paul Delvaux. Here the framing effect of the mirror and the cave entrance separates the picture into clearly distinguishable realms which are integrated on a subliminal

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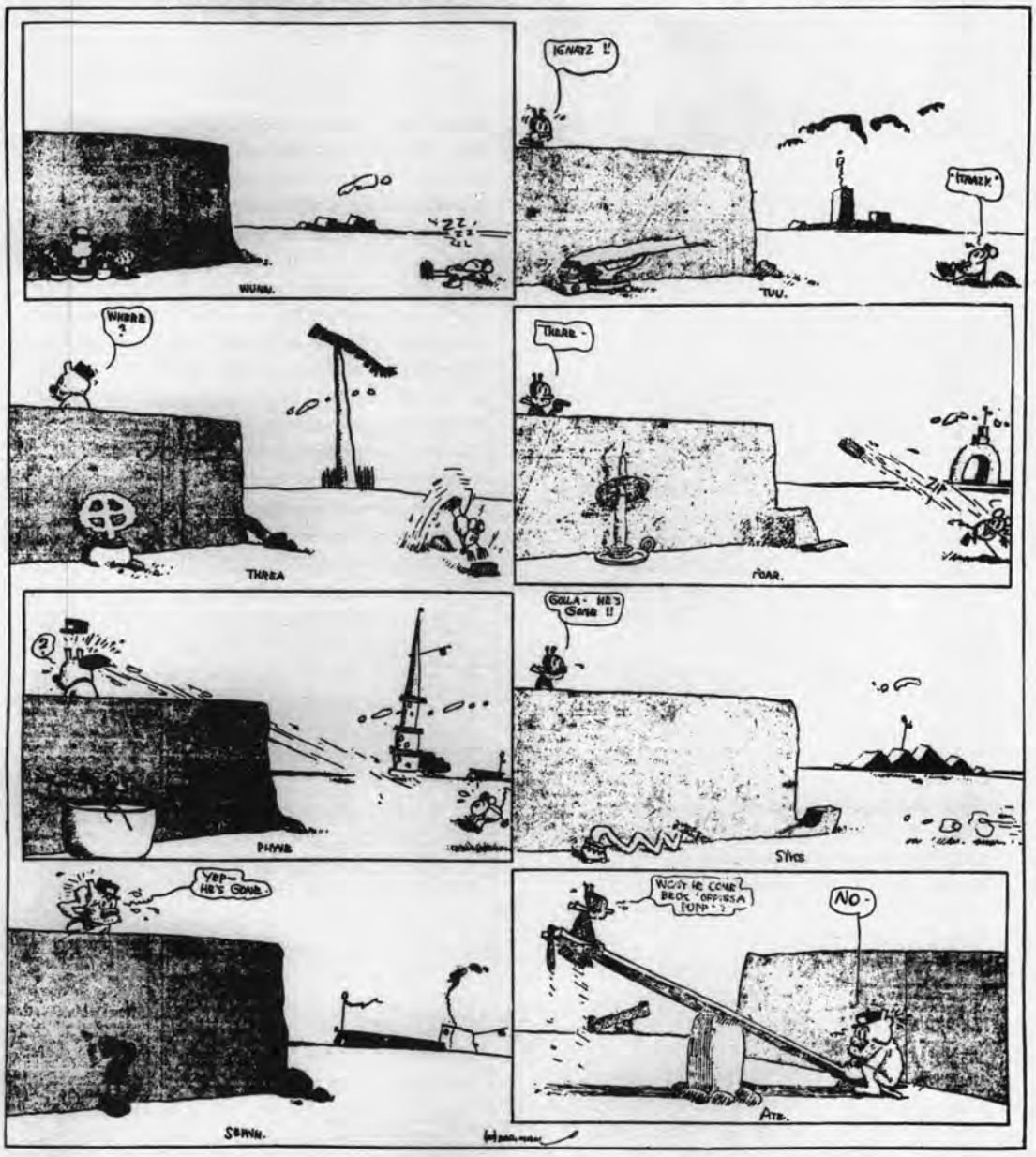
Krazy Kat By Herriman



Courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc. Herriman's habit of varying the incidental objects within the panels of a strip often added revealing dimensions to his work.

Paul Delvaux, *Femme dans une Grotte*, 1936 (Thyssen- Bornemisza Collection; Lugano, Switzerland). There are three segregated planes, or dimensions of experience, in this piece which must be imaginatively integrated for full perception of the work to occur.

level to express the picture's sexual theme. Edward Henning offers the following interpretation of the work:

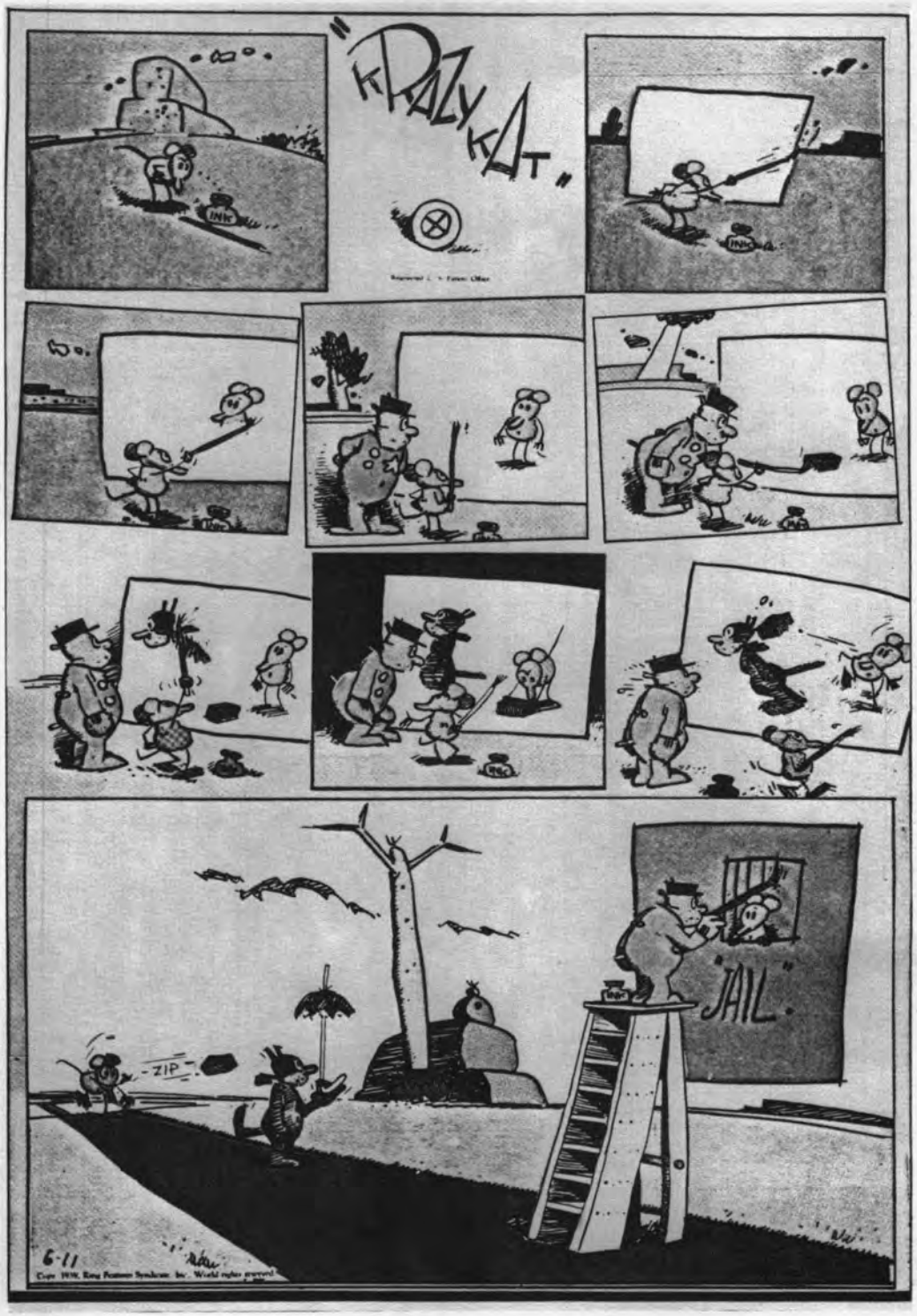
> the great motionless woman . . . stands inside a cave, gravely contemplating her reflection in a mirror. Caves, in Freud's symbolic vocabulary, refer to female genitals. Mirrors have multiple symbolic references; the artist's use of it here links it to the myth of Narcissus. Furthermore, a length of elegant lace is draped around the mirror which reflects the female's image, thus introducing the theme of reality versus art. The cave's opening reveals a barren landscape with distant breast shaped mountains. Autoeroticism seems to be the subject of this painting.[7]

At work in Delvaux's painting is the notion that full perception of meaning can occur only if the observer resists the segregating effects of the framing devices in order to move freely among the various levels within the picture. This is consistent with the surrealistic principle, discussed earlier, that one must resist the segregation of conscious and unconscious perception. An even clearer, almost allegorical embodiment of the principle can be seen in René Magritte's trancelike *Victory* where a cloud, like the surrealist ideal of perception, breaks the frame of the doorway and drifts freely in an endless sky that is of a whole yet at the same time mysteriously divided by the door.

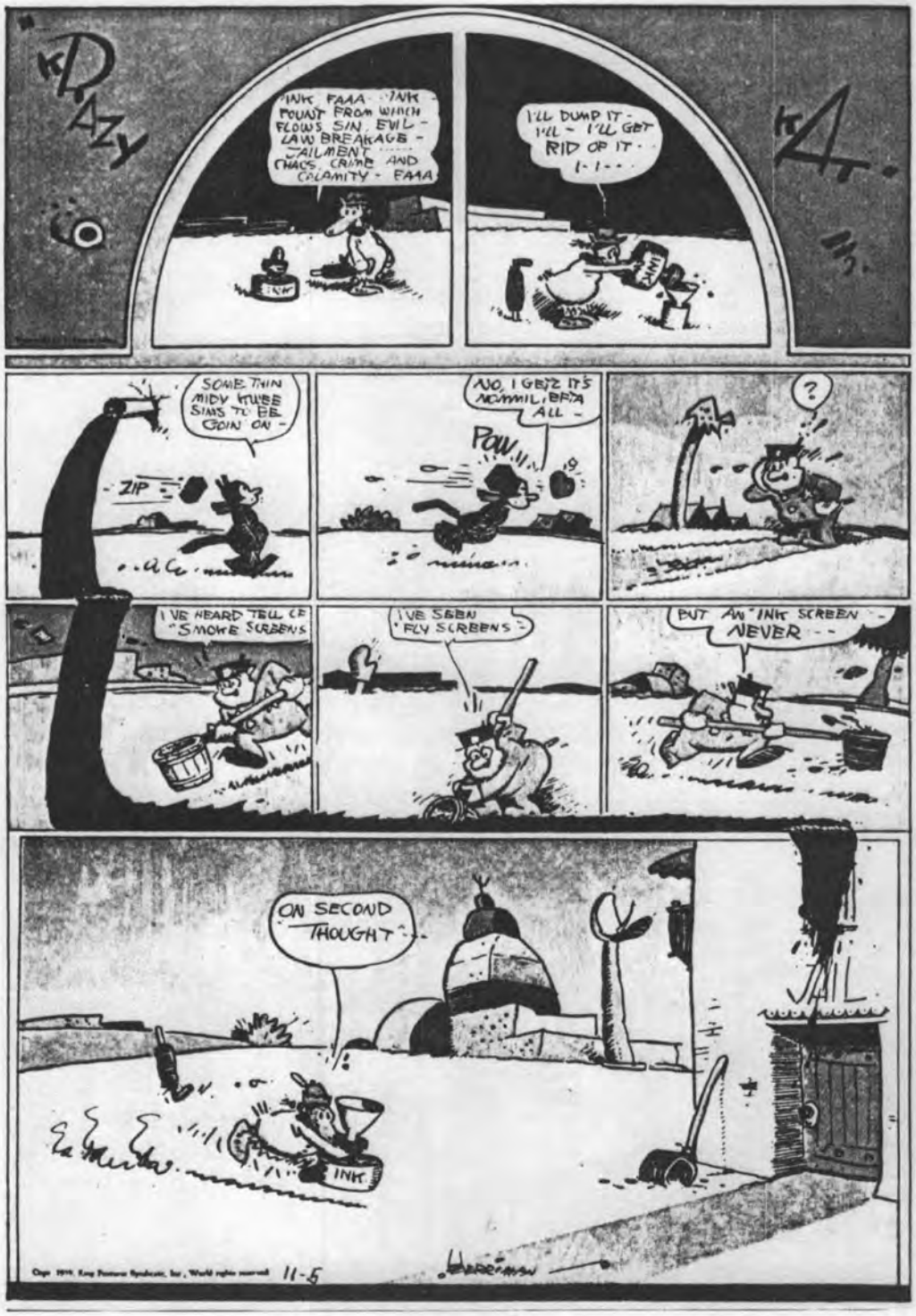
Herriman's habit of manipulating the frames both around and within his panels is second only to his shifting backgrounds in defining the uniqueness of his cartooning style. His surrealistic manipulation of frames to suggest levels of experience can be clearly observed in the Sunday strip of June 11, 1939.

Here we are given cartoon images of cartoon images as Herriman comments on the nature of artistic expression (a theme, incidentally, which recurs with surprising frequency in *Krazy Kat*). By relying on frames within frames Herriman divides the experience into two distinct levels — an external conscious level in which the physical action occurs, and a level of symbolic (that is, artistic) representation. The drama in this particular episode centers on Ignatz's successful attempt to dupe Offisa Pupp by drawing a picture of himself throwing a brick at Krazy. Offisa Pupp sees the picture within the picture and forms what might be called an object cathexis. Aroused by his perception of the symbolic dimension, he responds in kind by drawing a picture of Ignatz in jail, a symbolic act which merely frees Ignatz to work havoc in the real world. The victory belongs to Ignatz precisely because he is able to perceive the total experience by freely moving between the real and symbolic realms defined by the various frames.[8]

René Magritte, *Victory*, 1939 (private collection, Paris).



Krazy Kat for June 11, 1939. Courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc.



Krazy Kat for November 5, 1939. Courtesy King Features Syndicate, Inc.

To further illustrate Herriman's use of this technique, let us consider one final example, the Sunday strip of November 5, 1939. Like the previous illustration, this episode seems to be a comment on the nature of artistic expression. In the top two panels, Mrs. Kwak Wak (whose frequent appearances seem to indicate that she may have been intended as Herriman's self-image in the strip) initiates the artistic endeavor by pouring a bottle of ink down a drain, a symbolic act hinting at a rather cynical view of the creative process. That it is a drain into which she pours the ink is significant, for it suggests the presence of a subconscious dimension in which the material is to be transformed. What emerges from the drain is the strip itself, which Herriman immediately divides into two distinct realms. One, defined by the frames of the individual panels, is the conscious realm of the artistic object in which the ritual action of the plot is played out. The other realm is defined by the gush of ink which cascades down the page by breaking through the frame of consciousness. The moment at which the frame is first broken (panel three) is the very instant when the inevitable symbolic brick is tossed; from then on the action resolves into a headlong race as Offisa Pupp madly dashes to punish Ignatz before the offender is obliterated by the ink. Whether Offisa Pupp or the ink is responsible for completing the action is a moot question, for it seems to be Herriman's point that ink and dog are one and the same. Offisa Pupp, Ignatz, and Krazy are all symbolic figures in the conscious realm, figures which behave according to an intensely personal logic and whose behavior expresses the otherwise inarticulable, unconscious urges of the artist.

For all the parallels between the work of the surrealists and that of a surrealistic comic cartoonist like Herriman that one can point to, there remain important differences that must not be overlooked, differences stemming from the fact that Herriman and the surrealists were operating on different cultural levels: elite and popular or high and low. Herriman didn't so much intend to convey psychoanalytic theory as to express a popular understanding of it. And the surrealists, for all their intellectual courage, were seldom able like Herriman to chuckle and sigh at the idiosyncracies of their own despair.

NOTES

[1]See Barbara Gelman's foreword to *Krazy Kat* (New York: Grosset and Dunlap, 1969), as well as Arthur Berger's discussion in *The Comic Stripped American* (New York: Walker, 1973) and Reinhold Reitberger's and Wolfgang Fuchs's discussion in *Comics: Anatomy of a Mass Medium* (Boston: Little Brown, 1972).

[2]See André Breton, *Manifestoes of Surrealism*, trans. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1969); Nicolas Calas, "Surrealist Intentions," *Transformation* 1 (1950), 48-52; Michel Carrouges, *André Breton and the Basic Concepts of Surrealism*, trans. Maura Prendergast (University, AL: University of Alabama Press, 1974); Maurice Nadeau, *The History of Surrealism*, trans. Richard Howard (New York: MacMillan, 1965); and William S. Rubin, *Dada and Surrealist Art* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1968).

[3]*The Seven Lively Arts*, Perpetua Edition (New York: A. S. Barnes, 1962), p. 211.

[4]Alert nitpickers would accuse me of a promiscuous commingling of Freudian and Jungian theory on this point, and they would obviously be right.

[5]For the surrealists, the metaphor of dreaming arose out of this symbolic function of imagery, so it is understandable that the movement was nowhere more closely parallel to psychoanalysis than in the matter of dream theory. Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900, trans. 1913) was of all his works the most influential on the surrealists.

[6]For confirmation of my interpretation of these symbols see Edward B. Henning, *The Spirit of Surrealism* (Cleveland: Cleveland Museum of Art, 1979), pp. 98-104.

[7]Henning, p. 127.

[8]In other words, Ignatz is the closest of all the characters to sharing the surrealist vision. He sees both levels clearly at once. The idea of Herriman's manic mouse as a caricature of the stereotypical surrealist is not all that far-fetched. He's iconoclastic, brash, intensely serious. Had he a mustache he'd no doubt wax it in Daliesque fashion.

The Gamut Prize in Short Fiction

In May, 1984, *The Gamut* announced the winners of its Short Fiction contest, supported by a grant from the Ohio Arts Council. The winners were selected from 329 manuscripts submitted from 34 states, Canada, and the United Kingdom. Judges were John Gerlach and Daniel Melnick (both associate professors of English at Cleveland State University, published writers, and teachers of creative writing), along with the editorial staff of *The Gamut*. The story awarded first prize, "The Fleas," by Gary Fincke of Selinsgrove, Pa., was published in our last issue (No. 12). The three second-prize winners appear in the following pages: "Colleagues," by Carol Felder; "Seeds," by Jennifer Bass Gostin; and "The Answer Man," by Elizabeth Searle.

Carol Felder

COLLEAGUES

When Hilary moved into my office, she left an apple on Tuesday night when she knew I had a class. "Thanks for the slightly sour McIntosh," I wrote in a note. "It smells of fall." "It's not a McIntosh, it's a McCoun," she wrote back. After the second Tuesday I stopped at a fruit stand along the highway. I took note of the thick skinned reds, the reds flecked with green and yellow, the rounds, the oblongs, the smooth and the footed bottoms. "What kind of apples are these?" I asked. "And in the next basket? And the basket over there?"

Hilary is a painter. Ours is a small liberal arts college and we were proud to attract someone with her reputation. When she got here, though, most of the faculty decided that she was too aloof. I would have liked to defend her: "She's an artist. She needs more space than the rest of us," but she became more distant and wary of me as we got to know each other.

I usually sit behind her at meetings. Once I spent the hour studying her stillness, the way she drew surreptitiously, the way the shafts of sunlight lifted her feathers of hair revealing patches of scalp, the way it deepened the color of her copper sweater, and the way it swirled the dust, separating her, like a magician's smokescreen, from the people squirming in the nearby seats. I felt a kinship that I couldn't explain and, back in the office, I wanted to talk. She only had time to report on a shopping trip — she'd bought "gross, outrageous" underwear because she wanted to watch the expression on the saleslady's face. Isn't that a trivial way to spend your time?, I wanted to ask, unable to put together the women who went into the stores to watch salespeople blush, and the painter. Hilary's paintings are powerful. A corner of her surrealistic canvases is given over to an expertly drawn detail. She shows the germ and what it has grown to, as though you could envision a broad-leafed squash plant by seeing its pale flat seed.

We used to talk about sharing child care. Now we complain about time without suggesting that we do anything for each other.

"Why do you join all these committees and see so many people? It's no wonder you have no time," she recently said to me.

"Well, I don't know how you manage to keep clear of it all," I said, shifting papers around on my desk, grumbling about a report I had to write.

"People always feel better when they're too busy to think about their lives," she said.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I can stand my misery so I don't need committees."

"Or people?"

"Not many."

"I've just never been good at saying no."

"Then you probably don't mind feeling so busy."

Good, I thought, angrily, as I watched her close the door. When she's not being trivial, she's being wise. She's as bad as my husband. My husbands.

But, tonight, sitting at my desk, after a too-long day, I heard her say again, you probably don't mind feeling so busy. I folded my arms and put my head down, as we did in grade school. How often I've pictured her driving home in her red sports car, convertible top down, the wind blowing, while I was stuck in our windowless office. How does she do it? It's after 5. My last class ended over an hour ago. I've been sitting with a colleague, not knowing how to leave, making sympathetic sounds as he talked. I watched him pick at his cheese Danish, and poke holes through his tea bag so that the soggy leaves dropped onto the table. Then he took my hand and thanked me for listening. I didn't listen, I wanted to say. I had distinguished his words no more than I mourn dead animals on the highway. The most I do is note numbly: a rabbit, an opossum, a worm, bleached now and looking like a piece of string. I feel full of useless knowledge. On the road I drive, the smell of death travels south; Hilary's pithy knowledge, the kind I've always discarded, is horribly applicable — "Never encourage people to talk about themselves. They'll always find a way to tell you what they want to." In disgust, I make a pile of the papers on my desk and write myself a note of things to do the next day. Before leaving I sit in Hilary's chair.

Her half of the office is decorated.

"Why pretend?," I asked when she hung a large picture of a window. It's a pleasant cool blue. She's good at appearances, at pretence. It's the way she dresses too. Berets and matching jackets, long patterned socks, wide ties. I try to picture her outrageous underwear; skimpy, a roll of fat above the waist. No, more likely lacy with a well-placed cut-out. I felt pleasantly superior, as though Hilary had proven her superficiality, when she told me once that she wanted to be a character.

She's made it, I think, as I go to the door where she's tacked a note: "Don't worry about closing the window. No rain tonight."

Hilary's wrong. It does rain, a hard rain that takes my mind off my husband's words as I speak to him on the telephone. My husband and I — my second ex-husband-to-be — have been negotiating for weeks now. Silver water shatters on the windows. William talks faster than the rain.

"Are you listening?" he asks. I repeat his words for him.

"A parrot can repeat. I asked if you were listening."

I hold the phone from my ear and the words fall into the room, his living room. I'm reminded of playing tag as a child, running on a familiar street, knowing my aunt is on the porch but sensing a growing terror as the voice behind me shouts, "I'm gonna get you. I'm gonna get you." Will is speaking slowly. My silence is making him angry. He'll call Lindsey in the morning, he says, and hangs up. In the morning, Lindsey, our daughter, pulls the phone from the hallway into her bedroom. Throughout breakfast she teases me. Daddy says, she begins, and then giggles as though she has just remembered it's a secret. She wipes her mouth and is out of the door before I can kiss her.

In the car, trapped behind a trucker, who is watching me through his mirror, I slow down and listen to the radio — the body count from the cities, the figures of a slow economy. The truck slows on a hill, and I put more distance between us. I look deliberately out to the side and it's from out there, in a field of dried corn stalks, in a wheat colored space that's clear of the radio noise, that I hear the words that Will didn't say last night.

"Damn it!" I raise my hands and pound them on the wheel; I pound until the car skids onto a dirt shoulder, front wheels in the mud. He's going to fight for custody. That's why he's been calling every morning; that's what they've been planning. I force my eyes to focus. There are horses in a far field. A colt stretches its neck then shivers with the ripple sliding down over the slope in its back. I raise the radio volume and when the noise fills the car, I start to drive again, switching from one station to the next.

I park and walk across the campus quickly not realizing, until I climb the stairs and open the office door, how glad I am that Hilary is there. It's a relief to see her. She's wearing a layered white gauze dress, and a long, red tie. The setting she needs is a large lawn in autumn, the grass tinged with yellow, the dress almost touching the ground; the tie, no, the tie wouldn't fit anywhere. I smile. She sits straight although her shoulders twitch. I stand at the door waiting for her to lift her head. She's been out a couple of days and I ask how she is. "Fine," she says, still not raising her head. She is going over papers and at the side of her desk she has a stack of drawing tablets, yet somehow I feel she didn't start working until I entered.

"Are you sure you're okay? You don't look well."

"I'm sure."

"Well, I'm glad you're back." I pause, knowing that I should leave her alone. "You wouldn't believe what William is doing. I got so upset this morning I . . ." She leans over to block the chair next to her desk as I move toward it. Her face is pasty. She lowers her eyes and says, "Nothing, nothing to do with you." "Fine, sorry to bother you. You really look as though something's wrong though. As though you're scared or something."

That's what she is, she's scared, I think. Feeling good that I've identified something, I move to my desk. Before I hear any words I hear a hiss. She is shouting at me, screeching.

"Can't you leave people alone. I said everything is fine. Can't you shut up. Save it for other people. Your words, your sympathy, your desperate questions." I

turn and see she is trembling. She walks to the door and looks at me. "Surfaces are important, damn it. Don't you know that?"

Of course, of course, you would say that, I want to scream after her. You with your outfits, with your easy wisdom, with your car, with . . . Even if she stayed, though, I know I wouldn't say it. I don't want to hear my voice crack between tears and anger as hers had. What a bitch, a self-centered bitch.

I'm unable to work because I keep thinking about her. In the faculty cafeteria I've seen her sit alone at a table and say "I'd rather you didn't," if anyone asks to join her. And if someone does sit down, she won't acknowledge them. She sits with her eyelids half closed as though she's studying something on the table before her. But there's more now. She's frightened. I start doodling in the margins of a paper. Her eyebrows are light, faded into her skin; her hair is wispy, wispier than it was; her eyes, when she opens them fully, seem young. Crumbling the paper into a ball I walk over to her desk and stare at her window. It is cool blue and spacious, a winter morning with the light like a layer of snow lying in the crevices of tree branches. Her own paintings aren't like that, even her snow burns with a summer light. Below the window is a dish overflowing with candy. Why is it there? An invitation given by the woman who would sit in her white dress on a golden lawn, surrounded by different people, people who aren't here? Surely the candy is not for her consumption. I've never seen her touch a piece. She's obsessed with food but she rarely eats. On muggy afternoons last spring when the air in the office was close she used to recite for me what she ate the day before, talking to my back, her voice rising in pitch as though to convince me that she ought to weigh less. At first I tried to reason with her. "Why does it matter if you're five pounds heavier?" Then I understood that she was giving words to some larger complaint. I wondered if the recitation took place in the afternoons when she was alone in the office.

I can't get her off my mind as I drive home. The clouds are weak and hilly, the air is darkening. Before the corner where she turns off to go home I turn for a better look at a red sports car in the parking lot of a bar. I hear tires squeak and a horn honk.

"Don't just take a car, lady, learn to drive it." The man's face is so threatening, his scream so jolting that I scream too and gun my motor.

"You bastard," I yell, clutching at the wheel. Don't just take a car, lady, learn to drive it. Dropping my eyes to the yellow line, I catch sight of my tired face in the crooked side-view mirror. No wonder. Years ago his response would have been different. "Hey, lady" he would have shouted, and then he would have turned, gotten embarrassed. His voice would have softened. "You're gonna get hurt the way you're driving. You okay?" He would have slowed down and I would have had to wave him away. Or, if I hadn't waved him away, it would have been fine with him. "Sorry, sir but I didn't mean to make you drive into a telephone pole."

As much as a trapped body can swagger, he would have swaggered. He would have taken a deep breath and let his chest puff out over his belt. Then he would have pulled his legs out of the crushed metal and stood up in pain. "It's okay. Everyone's been in an accident sometime." He would have given me the once over. "Fine. I'm fine," he would have said, "mind giving me a lift?" "Go to hell. Fuck off. Leave me alone."

Hilary would have had a smart remark for the man. I was 30 before I began stumbling in the spaces between people that men used to be so anxious to hide. "I'm so lucky, people are always nice to me. What a fatuous kid," I say to the face in the side mirror. "Did you believe it was your inner being that they wanted to get a hold of?" "I've never even considered it," she says.

When I get to the office the next day, Hilary is just hanging up the phone. Her expression is blank, and cares so little for effect that there is something absurd about the body that has dressed up in shades of red: a blazer and long patterned socks, a button down skirt and a gently ruffled blouse. Without speaking I go to my desk and ask as coldly as possible if everything is all right. "No." When I came in yesterday the phone was also on her desk. I know she's been talking to doctors a lot lately. I open the mail and read the same words on the same memorandum again, and again. With her facade gone, I am too aware of her sitting there behind me. Her costume has sagged around her and her body, fragile, brittle, aching, will not quiet down enough for the air to settle. I feel paralyzed wanting to turn to her but afraid that anything I do will make her jump. I'm relieved when she begins talking although I can hear that this is one of those speeches that will rise in pitch to hysteria.

"It's ironic," she says, "after believing for so long that the world is on the brink of chaos I might feel cheated if I just lived out my life. If something awful happens at least I'll have a moment of knowing that I was justified in being so miserable." She is digging her fingers into her arms. I want to respond yet I know my tears will come before my words. My head is filling with images — my daughter's thighs as she climbs up the ladder of her sliding board, Hilary buying a conservative black and white print dress to visit her son at college. "Hilary," I ask, "can I just hold your hand a minute?" She stares at me, then drops her eyes, and gives a half shrug. It's enough — I sit in the student seat next to her desk and close both my hands around hers. We hold each others' eyes briefly and then she returns hers to the papers on her desk.

Before leaving for class she asks me if I'm going to the faculty meeting this afternoon. It's the kind of question we'd stopped asking each other.

"Yes," I say.

"Good, I'll see you there," she answers.

Jennifer Bass Gostin

SEEDS

The child, Fay-Anna, gathers the pine cones that fall from the giant evergreen which shields our house from the street. The tree is older than the house, older than any of the houses around here, and none of them are new. The child is six.

She collects the pine cones wherever they land — driveway, sidewalk, lawn, then places them methodically in spots she has selected around the yard, filling one area completely before she starts another. She has a bed of them in the sunken area left when the city put in a new pipeline; another surrounds the stump of a long-dead dogwood tree. The cones are arranged shoulder to shoulder, symmetrical and orderly.

I am anxious to praise her, so I pretend she does it to help me. I thank her with enthusiasm. "It's so much easier to mow the lawn when I don't have to clear these away first. I don't know how I managed before you came, Fay-Anna."

But the child does not respond. Her face is expressionless except that her eyes widen perceptibly when I speak to her, as they always do. Fay-Anna rarely speaks at all; when she does, I weigh my response carefully.

When she and her mother first came here, the child asked whether the pine cones could grow into trees, as acorns might. Her mother hesitated, so I answered. "I don't think so. The seeds don't stay inside the cones. I guess they're just pretty. Like flowers." Fay-Anna nodded, apparently satisfied with my explanation. I looked it up afterwards, just to be sure. The landscaper's manual verified what I'd said, adding that the seeds were wind-borne, an idea I like, and about the cones themselves, "function obscure."

Fay-Anna's mother has been my wife since last September, so they have had three seasons in this house. The tree sheds cones through the year, I think — I never paid much attention before. Each windstorm brings a sprinkling of them, but now that it's summer, there are more than ever, often twenty or thirty a day. Fay-Anna gathers them all.

Her mother told me that the child has never lived in a house before, only small apartments and urban walk-ups. It's natural that she should be fascinated with the trees, with the newly accessible outdoors. But she is not interested in the rose bushes we have planted, nor in the scraggly tomato plants behind the garage. I've never been much of a gardener. I largely ignored the property when I lived here alone, and there are still many rough, neglected areas in the yard. But gradually I'm giving the place the look of a family's house, a look I remember dimly from my own childhood.

The shiny striped swing set I bought her — she touched it almost reverently. Still, she will not swing. She sits on the red plastic seat quietly, gripping the chains like lifelines, not moving. When I offer to push her she shakes her head gravely.

I've long since known, of course, of Fay-Anna's father, how without warning he grew tired of his wife and three-year-old daughter and disappeared. Fay-Anna's mother has described to me her own bewilderment, the sudden sharp poverty. And the hurt and fear and anger too strong to hide from the child. "It started too early in

Fay-Anna," her mother says. "She's seen too much."

Their first summer in this house is moving toward the second autumn. My wife is now swollen with another child, hers and mine. She watches her daughter sitting rigidly on the bright swing, a dark gem stone set in a gaudy mounting of painted bars and supports. "This time will be different," she says softly, not to me or Fay-Anna, but to the other child, still safe in her body. "This time everything will be right."

Fay-Anna hears her. She looks at her mother, then at me. Strangely, she half smiles. Then she turns abruptly away from us, runs to the front yard where the pine cones are waiting.

It is hot that night. The air is heavy, hinting at rain. Fay-Anna has been put to bed, and now her mother and I lie awake next to each other in the dark. I ask her, "What else is there to do? What am I doing wrong?"

"Nothing," she says. "Only wait. Fay-Anna will come around in time. Be patient, you'll see." She touches my chest with her warm hand.

Later, worn out with love, half asleep, I hear it: the soft creak of an old door, the pressure of a child's weight on the carpeted stairs. The stealthy click of the front latch.

I slip from the bed without waking her mother, and lift the shade. There on the lawn, her white cotton nightgown ghostly in the watery moonlight, is Fay-Anna, collecting the two or three pine cones that have fallen in the night.

The next evening and the next, I lie awake to listen. I learn to recognize the almost imperceptible snap as the cones hit the earth. And moments later the child has crept out to retrieve them. I know that she sleeps; we check her before we go to bed ourselves, and she is completely out, breathing evenly, not pretending. She hears the fall of the tree's enigmatic fruit, even in her sleep.

On the third night, I follow her out into the rich summer darkness. She does not seem surprised to see me, or if she is surprised, she doesn't show it. I have trouble imagining this child being taken off guard.

"It will stay like this, Fay-Anna," I tell her. "The tree, the swing, the house, your mother and I — we'll all be here tomorrow."

She hears me out politely. Then she sidles away, and gathers up several cones. She arranges them carefully on the bare spot next to the porch steps. Slowly, by herself, she is covering over all the muddy, ugly places she can find.

Elizabeth Searle

THE ANSWER MAN

Winston is 10, his brother is 15, his brother's girlfriend is 15 too. She has just had an abortion. By the time the families discovered it, the doctor had already gotten the baby out of her. *How*, Winston had asked. I don't want you even thinking about that, said his father. *How*, Winston thinks.

And every Saturday night all fall, Winston's father locks the brother in his bedroom. Then he makes Winston sit in front of the T.V. and makes him watch the *Lawrence Welk Show* with his grandmother. Winston's grandmother can lift a refrigerator. She is strong like a man, she likes *Hawaii 5-0*, she doesn't like Lawrence Welk all that much but Daddy is so tense these days that even she has to keep quiet. Winston says he likes the show a lot, though.

Good, his father says loudly. *Cause this is how YOU'RE gonna spend every goddamned Saturday night till I say.*

Winston's father does not believe in abortion. He believes that the abortion was partly his own fault. And he finds himself thinking strange things lately, hoping, for instance, that there is no God, for his son's sake. He doesn't believe in Hell himself (doesn't believe anyone really does, really, not even his frightened, frightening ex-wife, the Born Again), but he thinks these days that there might be a special kind of death, absolute final death, for anyone who has taken a life. Take one, give your own. He pictures the trunk of a body without a head or arms and legs, floating. He tries to stop himself, but this is the kind of thing he sees lately, while staring at the god-damned television.

For he intends to keep close watch over Winston. So he watches Winston watch Lawrence Welk, tries to watch the show itself too though he keeps starting to halfway fall asleep. Till Winston moves or something and he jerks awake in his chair, panicky. Hey, Grandma says. You sick? *Shh*, Winston says. It's the orchestra part.

Good, his father says loudly.

Good, thinks Winston. He likes the Musical Family and Norma Zimmer, Lawrence Welk's Champagne Lady, and the polkas and the Champagne Music Maker's bubble machine. Most of all he likes Charlotte, the orchestra's cello player. She is shy, and not young, possibly older than Winston's mother who lives in Virginia, and she wears dark sweeping heavy-looking gowns and her hair is cut like Claudette Colbert's on the Afternoon Movie and she has large dark starey sad eyes that turn down at the corners.

I read somewhere that she is completely blind, says Grandma one night in October. After that Winston notices how Charlotte always *sits*, never stands for bows when the orchestra stands or even when she has a solo, never. Winston watches and thinks of that when she plays. Sometimes all alone, once Brahms Lullaby. So all October Winston wonders about it and even buys a paperback copy of Lawrence Welk's autobiography at Walgreens but it does not say and so finally on November 1st he writes a letter, keeping it secret from his Daddy and his grandmother, to the Sunday Louisville Courier-Journal's T.V. Answer Man, Dale Saller.

Dear Mr. Saller, I am a big fan of Lawrence Welk and his Musical Family and especially of Charlotte, the cello player, and I was wondering is she blind as she never stands up to bow?

Yours, Rod Smith

A miracle, on November 12 the letter appears in the paper and the Answer Man's answer is:

Mr. Smith: You wouldn't stand up to bow either if you were wearing a skirt and holding a 25 lb. cello between your legs.

Her legs. Winston had never guessed in all those skirts that she held it between her legs. This is the same week that Winston's brother starts coming down for supper. On Saturday night he and Daddy begin talking in low voices and Grandma drags Winston to the kitchen, runs water hard and dunks dishes, breaks one in her strange hurry. Then the brother's bedroom door is slammed so loud the kitchen ceiling shakes. Then Winston is leaning forward and straining to see Charlotte in the quick orchestra long shots and in one blessed close-up and he sees that it is true. He can see her knees in all those skirts.

He wants to tell Grandma *Look*, but she is chewing big man-sized handfuls of candy corn and her face tonight looks about 101 years old, a 101 year old man, it's scary. Winston's mouth will not make the words. He just watches, then sits in front of the T.V. when Grandma goes to bed and only Daddy is left, slumped and distracted in his recliner chair. So Winston waits, and watches *Emergency!* and starts getting scared. No particular reason. But a boy on the show has swallowed a bunch of raw bread dough and it's rising in his stomach and Daddy's breathing is halfway between awake and asleep and suddenly Winston is snapping to block a faceless shot of some body on a stretcher, its legs hanging over the edge.

"Huh — ?"

Daddy jerks all the way awake, looks for a moment frightened too, a strange thought, but he does.

"Go to sleep," he says to Winston.

And Winston steals upstairs. He stands in the hall outside his brother's locked bedroom door. He keeps starting to knock, then stopping. His brother has not talked to him for a long time, all fall. And now Winston stands outside the door, thinking of Daddy's face and of his brother's girlfriend and of the shouting at dinner and of that baby. He starts to knock again, his mouth shaped in the beginnings of a question.

Downstairs, in front of the dead-silent T.V., Winston's father, eyes shut, sits thinking, always, every Saturday night, of that baby, why they couldn't have found out sooner, what they'd done to it, why in hell he hadn't kept that kid of his at home, why hadn't he just done that, why.

Carol Felder was born in Brooklyn and holds a master's degree from Lehigh University in Pennsylvania. A member of Phi Beta Kappa and winner of several journalism awards, she has worked as a reporter and as an editor. After seven years as an assistant professor of English at Somerset County College (N.J.), she recently resigned to give herself more time to write. She lives in rural western New Jersey, near the Delaware River, with her husband and two children. Of her creative work, she says: "When I write I am trying to get closer to understanding — a person, a situation, a sense. I would like to know more about the many inner spaces that exist between what we feel we are and what we do."

A native Ohioan, Jennifer Bass Gostin received a B.A. in Communication from C.S.U., where she has also taken graduate classes in English. She is currently enrolled in the MFA in Writing Program at Vermont College.

"I write because it's the only way I'm capable of expressing things of any importance. Most of my characters, like Fay-Anna in 'Seeds,' are under a self-imposed emotional isolation of some kind. This is because I believe, like Catherine Earnshaw, that 'there is, or should be an existence of yours beyond you.' The greater silence surrounding such characters seems to make them more attuned to the voices of that other existence. How they react is the subject matter of my fiction."

Elizabeth Searle was born in Philadelphia and grew up in South Carolina, Kentucky, Arizona (where her family still lives) and Ohio, where she graduated from Oberlin College in 1983 and works in the Creative Writing Department. She is also a part-time librarian at the Elyria Public Library. Her stories have previously been published in Redbook *and* South Carolina Review *and she is at work on a novel. She is an admirer of Joyce Carol Oates, John Updike, Richard Yates, Barbara Pym, and Jayne Anne Phillips. She explains her affinity for the dramatic in her writing in these words: "Because the first writing I ever did was plays and radio shows for my sister and me to act out, I've since been interested in reading and trying to write fiction that has strong theatrical elements. I'm also interested in acting, watching many movies and possibly writing dramatic scripts."*

THE GAMUT'S LANGUAGES OF THE WORLD SERIES

The Gypsy Language

John A.C. Greppin
Director of the Linguistics Program, Cleveland State University

The Gypsy language is the tongue of a landless people dimly understood and rarely appreciated who have produced in their 1,500 years of wandering no monument to their culture, whether material or literary. In fact their past can be traced only through their living language, and even this is difficult. Their language (or perhaps one should say languages) is so permeated by loan elements derived from the cultures within which they live that a Gypsy begging around the railway-station in downtown Helsinki would be hard put to communicate with a kinsman selling Western chewing-gum by the stick in Yerevan, Soviet Armenia.

The Gypsy language is an Indic language, most closely related to such other living languages of Northwest India as Hindi, Punjabi or Gujarati. The self-designation of the European Gypsy is *Rom*, and their language is called Romany. This has nothing to do with Latin, for in the Armenian Gypsy language, the word is *Lom* while in the Palestinian dialect we have *Dom* — various forms of an original word that was cognate with Sanskrit *domba*, the designation for a person of a low caste earning a living as a singer or dancer.

The English word "Gypsy" entered our language around 1550 and is a permutation of "Egyptian," since Egypt was once believed to be the homeland of the Gypsies. The other common European word for the Gypsies is based on the root *Tsigan-* (German *Zigeuner*, Russian *Tsygan*) the source of which is obscure but should be taken with Medieval Greek *atsigganos* "Gypsy" from, perhaps, an earlier *athigganos* "heretics living in Phrygia and Lycia." The English noun *tinker*, "an itinerant repairer of household items," has long been thought a cognate of the root *Tsigan*, but this is unlikely since the Gypsies didn't reach England until the sixteenth century while the word *tynekere* is already met in the English written language by the year 1265.

The Gypsy language has gone through many permutations since its Indic origin and an accumulation of almost bizarre sound-shifts has left only a few words recognizable. Gypsy *dand* "tooth" comes close to our Latinate *dentist*; the correspondence between Gypsy *tu* and English *thou* is clear, as is Gypsy *ray* "king," cognate with Sanskrit *raja*; the number for "five" is *panj*, the equivalent of Hindi *panch* "five," from which we get the English word "punch," a beverage originally with that number of elements in it; Gypsy *kam* "love, desire" is recalled in the title of the Sanskrit erotic narrative, the *Kama Sutra*; and Gypsy *manus* easily approaches English "man." These and other Indic words compose the core vocabulary; after this, multitudinous loanwords from a very wide variety of languages have made a strong impact. Many come from Iranian sources and we can recognize "bakhshish" in Gypsy *bakht*, "happiness"; Romanian contributed Gypsy *rota*, "wheel"; German gave *fenshtra*, "window" and *berg*, "mountain," and there are even Armenian elements. The Gypsy dialect spoken in Wales has words from three Slavic, two Romance and two Germanic languages as well as generous dollops of Persian, Greek and Armenian. These loans have overloaded the language and even words for numbers, part of the most basic and cherished component of a language, along with terms for family relationships, have been replaced. The Gypsy word for "seven" is now *efta*, from Greek *epta*; Gypsy *trianta*, "thirty," comes from a *trianta* of the same source.

The Gypsies are known from the year 1100 in Southeast Europe, and these European Gypsies represent that part of the original Romany group which, after leaving India, eventually veered Northwest into the higher latitudes, leaving behind forever a group that turned south and pushed on to Egypt and farther into North Africa. As a people they have become assimilated most reluctantly;

their total number is not known and estimates have run from2 ½ million to over 7 million and even up to 12 million. There is no way to be sure. Sources tell us with some confidence that there are 200,000 Gypsies in Hungary, 150,000 in Czechoslovakia, and 160,000 in Yugoslavia; the Russian census of 1979 numbered Soviet Gypsies at 209,000.

The Gypsies of eastern Europe and the Soviet Union are divided into two groups, the Northern, which includes the Baltic and Germanic sub-groups, and the Southern, comprising the Ukrainian, Balkan, Vlach (Moldavian) and Carpathian sub-groups. The Baltic sub-group of the Northern dialects vocabulary contains such borrowed words as *revolutsiya, sotsializmo, traktoro, kollektivo,* and *aviatsiya*. These dialects spoken by the Gypsies in Eastern Europe and the western USSR do not form an organic whole since for the last four hundred years they have undergone independent qualitative and quantitative changes. They are thus not so much sister-dialects as they are "consobrinal" languages.

The Armenian Gypsy language is not a true form of Gypsy, but rather, like the Gypsy spoken in Central Asia (Lyuli), and partially the language of the British and Spanish Gypsies, a language that has lost its true Gypsy identification and has become hopelessly mixed. But all the Gypsy dialects spoken in different countries have, in addition to their

A Nineteenth-Century Encounter with Gypsies

"And you are what is called a Gypsy King?"
"Ay, ay; a Romany Kral.". . .
"And you are not English?"
"We are not gorgios." [indigenous to the country]
"And you have a language of your own?"
"Avali." [Yes, indeed.]
"This is wonderful."
"Ha, ha!" cried the woman, who had hitherto sat knitting at the farther end of the tent, without saying a word, though not inattentive to our conversation, as I could perceive by certain glances which she occasionally cast upon us both. "Ha, ha!" she screamed, fixing upon me two eyes which shone like burning coals, and which were filled with an expression both of scorn and malignity. "It is wonderful, is it, that we should have a language of our own? What, you grudge the poor people the speech they talk among themselves? That's just like you gorgios, you would have everybody stupid, single-tongued idiots, like yourselves. We are taken before the Poknees [Justice of the Peace] of the gav [town], myself and sister, to give an account of ourselves. So I says to my sister's little boy, speaking Romany, I says to the little boy who is with us, 'Run to my son Jasper, and the rest, and tell them to be off, there are hawks abroad.' So the Poknees questions us, and lets us go, not being able to make anything of us; but, as we are going, he calls us back. 'Good woman,' says the Poknees, 'what was that I heard you say just now to the little boy?' 'I was telling him, your worship, to go and see the time of day, and, to save trouble, I said it in our language.' 'Where did you get that language?' says the Poknees. ' 'Tis our own language, sir,' I tells him, 'we did not steal it.' 'Shall I tell you what it is, my good woman?' says the Poknees. 'I would thank you, sir,' says I, 'for 'tis often we are asked about it.' 'Well, then,' says the Poknees, 'it is no language at all, merely a made-up gibberish.' 'Oh, bless your wisdom,' says I, with a curtsey, 'you can tell us what our language is without understanding it!' "

—*Lavengro* by George Borrow (1851)

idiosyncratic innovations, their archaisms as well. Albanian Gypsy has retained such a word as *lindra* "sleep" (Sanskrit *nindra*), while the Russian Gypsies have *soibe* (Hindi *sona* "sleep"). But in spite of these various retentions, the Gypsies, finding it increasingly difficult to live a migratory life and maintain their language, are slowly losing their last clear means of self-identification. The North-Russian dialects are poor, lacking what would seem to be indispensable words for their migrant life, such as names of trees, berries, mushrooms, flowers, beasts and birds as well as terms denoting various abstract notions.

In North America there has been little success at keeping track of the Gypsies. Their number may be as low as 20,000 or as high as 200,000. As one statistician put it, the Gypsies "are not very good at filling out forms." But there is evidence for them in America since the Colonial period; from this time up to the end of the nineteenth century America was a land of restless migrants, of people moving west, south or north, and in this milieu the Gypsy did not stand out. It was only with the end of American expansionism that the still mobile Gypsy wagons suddenly became easily identifiable; it took the secure domination of the mass-produced automobile to make the roving Gypsies again blend with their environment. There they have consistently made their livings through migrant labor, by telling fortunes in their "ofisa" both where it is allowed and where it isn't, or, commonly, reconditioning cars for resale. There are also a few Gypsy professors, at least one Hollywood actor, and even some members of the State legislatures.

The American Gypsy speech has necessarily undergone changes that are distinct from other varieties of Gypsy. The American Gypsy dialect has lost the distinction between animate and inanimate nouns, instances where a special ending will go on nouns that stand for living things that differs from another ending that goes on nouns that stand for non-living things. While a European Gypsy could say *astarau mashes* "I catch a (live) fish," and *khau masho* "I eat a (dead) fish," the American Gypsy speaker would ignore this distinction.

Absorption of English vocabulary is most likely when a new concept is involved (*redyo* "radio," *shoyo* "TV program," *hatdag* "hotdog"), but it extends beyond that to *belta* "belt," *shato* "important person, big shot," *freno* "friend." This loan word absorption also allows Gypsy speakers to make distinctions that are not available to the English speaker; while "ice" is Gypsy *ledo*, the ice that comes out of the refrigerator is *aiso*.

Although their public language is English, their private language remains Romany, well interspersed with English loan words, the level of which varies from one Gypsy *kumpaniya* (band) to another. One American anthropologist, eagerly studying Gypsy society, learned Romany from a willing band of Gypsies. As her skill increased, however, the *kumpaniya* became wary, and eventually refused to give her more instruction. The *kumpaniya* wished to maintain secrecy in their speech and exclude outsiders still considered inimical or dangerous.

Slowly, though, they are being absorbed and eventually, without a spokesman in the UN or a parcel of land they can historically claim, they will be gone. Their principal trace will be in the grammar-books, where their language has been recorded by non-Gypsy scholars.

This article is an expanded revision of a book review that appeared originally in the Times *(London)* Literary Supplement.

G. Whitney Azoy

Habib's Last Ride

What happens when a society suddenly finds itself under siege? What changes take place and, conversely, what patterns endure?

In Afghanistan the siege has been brutal and the changes enormous. After a decade of coup, counter-coup, and Soviet invasion, at least a quarter of its people — four million conservatively — are refugees in Pakistan and Iran. Perhaps a million more wander their homeland as internal exiles. Hundreds of thousands have been killed. Fragile irrigation systems, the work of generations, are bombed beyond repair. Production and trade languish. The king is gone. New men with new talents and styles seize power from traditional elders. Afghanistan has had five heads of state, four national flags, and three national anthems in eleven years.

In the face of such dislocation, one is tempted to conclude that all patterns have collapsed. I felt that way one afternoon in the summer of 1982. The refugee camp in western Pakistan in which I found myself (my sixth of that summer) was a tragic hodge-podge of canvas tents, mud walls, and reed mats. Bereft of energy and purpose, people clustered disconsolately in what shade they could find. I was hot, tired, and depressed by my own impotence. One clump of faces blended listlessly into the next. Then suddenly a man stared at me intently, as if somehow in the midst of this ragged stupefaction there existed a glint of meaning between us. He got to his feet, came close, squinted. "Aren't you Weetnee?"

Bit by bit I remembered. We had met several times during my field work in northern Afghanistan before the real trouble started. He had been a person of modest substance, not a khan by any means but someone whose life was firmly established. Now he had only the dirty tent with its scraps of carpet, charred pots, confused wife, and sick children.

It was an embarrassed reunion — awkward for him because he had so little, for me because by contrast I had so much but seemed to do so little with it. We fled to reminiscence, the stuff of better times. Did I remember such and such a person, place, event? Such and such a horse? I had last visited his native city of Khanabad in 1977; he had left it only the previous winter. There was a lot to tell.

More often than not, the reminiscences took story form, narratives complete with setting, characterization, plot, and moral ethos. Not many had happy endings. Some had no endings at all, only the question marks of lost contact. Finally my refugee friend came to the story of Habib, the famous *buzkashi chapandaz* [rider].

Buzkashi is the great cavalry game of Central Asia. Played by horsemen who struggle over an animal carcass, buzkashi symbolizes the heroic equestrian past. A champion rider, or chapandaz, can assume almost mythical stature. Habib had been the Babe Ruth of buzkashi around Khanabad. In a young man's game — perhaps the wildest, most dangerous game in the world — Habib

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When he is not roaming in Asia, G. Whitney Azoy teaches anthropology and coaches kayaking at Lawrenceville School in New Jersey. He was born in New York City and received a B.A. from Princeton, the M.A. and Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Virginia. He first went to Afghanistan in 1971 as a member of the Foreign Service and stayed for two years. He went back in 1976 to do several years of anthropological field work. The story in the article derives from his tenure as a Fulbright Professor of Middle East Studies at the University of Baluchistan (Pakistan). Azoy has written about travel in these exotic places for National Geographic *and* Reader's Digest. *He is married, not surprisingly, to an anthropologist, Carolyn North. Photo by Gordon Lutz.*

Life in the Afghan refugee camps along the border in Pakistan — a faceless, purposeless existence where people stare into space. Photo by the author.

Buzkashi, traditional equestrian game of northern Afghanistan, is arguably the wildest game in the world. Above, horsemen playing *buzkashi* vie for the carcass of a calf. Photo by the author.

continued to play into his sixties. As a fledgling anthropologist interested in buzkashi, I had come to regard him as both informant and friend. Habib was distinguished by neither wealth nor piety — the traditional hallmarks of status in his culture — but everyone recognized him as the quintessentially great chapandaz. He was Somebody; in Afghan parlance, he had a "name."

Part of the power of Habib's reputation came not from the man himself but from the tradition which his buzkashi exploits epitomized. Until quite recently — the last hundred years or so — the entire Eurasian steppe from Black Sea to Pacific Ocean was dominated by people who lived on horseback. It was a world in flux: physically nomadic, fluid in its social ties, volatile with the potential for social conflict. Equestrian nomadism entailed a whole array of adaptive patterns: economic, social, political. Like all well-established, successful ways of life, horse culture also developed a set of assumptions about the very structure of human experience. Dependent on the horse and lacking centralized government control, life on the steppe simmered with unpredictability. Livestock, the material essence of survival, was constantly liable to sudden loss from disease or marauders. Allies were equally volatile. Political ties shifted with the momentum of events. Leaders rose and fell. A khan was recognized as a khan only so long as he could dominate the political field, score impressive victories, and provide his supporters with spoils. Personal loyalties were loudly professed but abruptly ignored in the ongoing theater of steppe opportunism.

This dynamic process and the assumptions associated with it found voice in the folk narratives of traditional Central Asia. The best known of these have the quality of epics, and their plots adhere to a basic pattern: a protagonist emerges from relative obscurity, attracts followers by his spectacular exploits, develops into a full-fledged khan, but is ultimately betrayed by opportunistic enemies. Sometimes, as in the saga of Sohrab and Rustum, the element of human reversal seems

fated. More typically, it is the result of deliberate duplicity prompted by self-interest. People, ultimately, are not to be depended on.

Take Kurroglou, hero of a Turkman folk epic that dates from the seventeenth century. By a combination of charisma, shrewdness, and physical bravery, he rises to leadership and power. Exploit leads to exploit as ever more supporters flock to his banner. Life is briefly glorious, but treachery lies in wait and Kurroglou dies by the knives of assassins.

If others prove so untrustworthy, a man is left with only himself and (in a pattern reminiscent of our own Wild West) his horse. The more human loyalties become compromised, the more a hero must come to depend on his mount. His horse, unlike his human associates, never lets him down. Indeed, Kurroglou's greatest feats are always accomplished with the help of his legendary stallion, Kyrat. It is Kyrat who makes possible the bold enterprises and hair-breadth escapes, who enables his master to run down villains, rescue princesses, and leap chasms in the nick of time. As long as his horse is present, Kurroglou remains invulnerable. His eventual killers must kill the horse first. They slash the veins in all four of Kyrat's legs. Only then does Kurroglou, the heroic horseman, acknowledge final defeat:

> You have killed my Kyrat;
> There is my bosom: strike!
> Without him I am worthless in this world.

As a champion buzkashi rider, Habib inherited this ancient mantle of equestrian heroism. By the 1970s horse culture had given way to patterns of sedentary agriculture, but the game remained as a legacy of what was generally considered a bygone age of glory. In this regard, Habib stood larger than life, the stuff of legend, acknowledged as an embodiment of some deep and important element in the cultural past.

Habib was important to me as well, and I waited until late in the day, well past the first effusiveness of our renewed acquaintance, to ask my refugee friend about him. The story, when it finally came, told slowly and without illusion, evoked a strange mix of emotions. Though Habib's life, like so many others, had been seriously disrupted, at least he was alive. But beyond my relief, I felt a curious sense of thematic continuity, even appropriateness, in what had happened to Habib. My informant spoke in the rustic Persian of his homeland:

"Most of your buzkashi friends are scattered now: some martyred, others in prison, others in the mountains, others only God knows. Some have probably collaborated with the Communists. Life can be more complicated than you think, Weetnee. But Habib — I can tell you about Habib, at least until the time I myself left Khanabad seven months ago. After that I don't know. Only God knows.

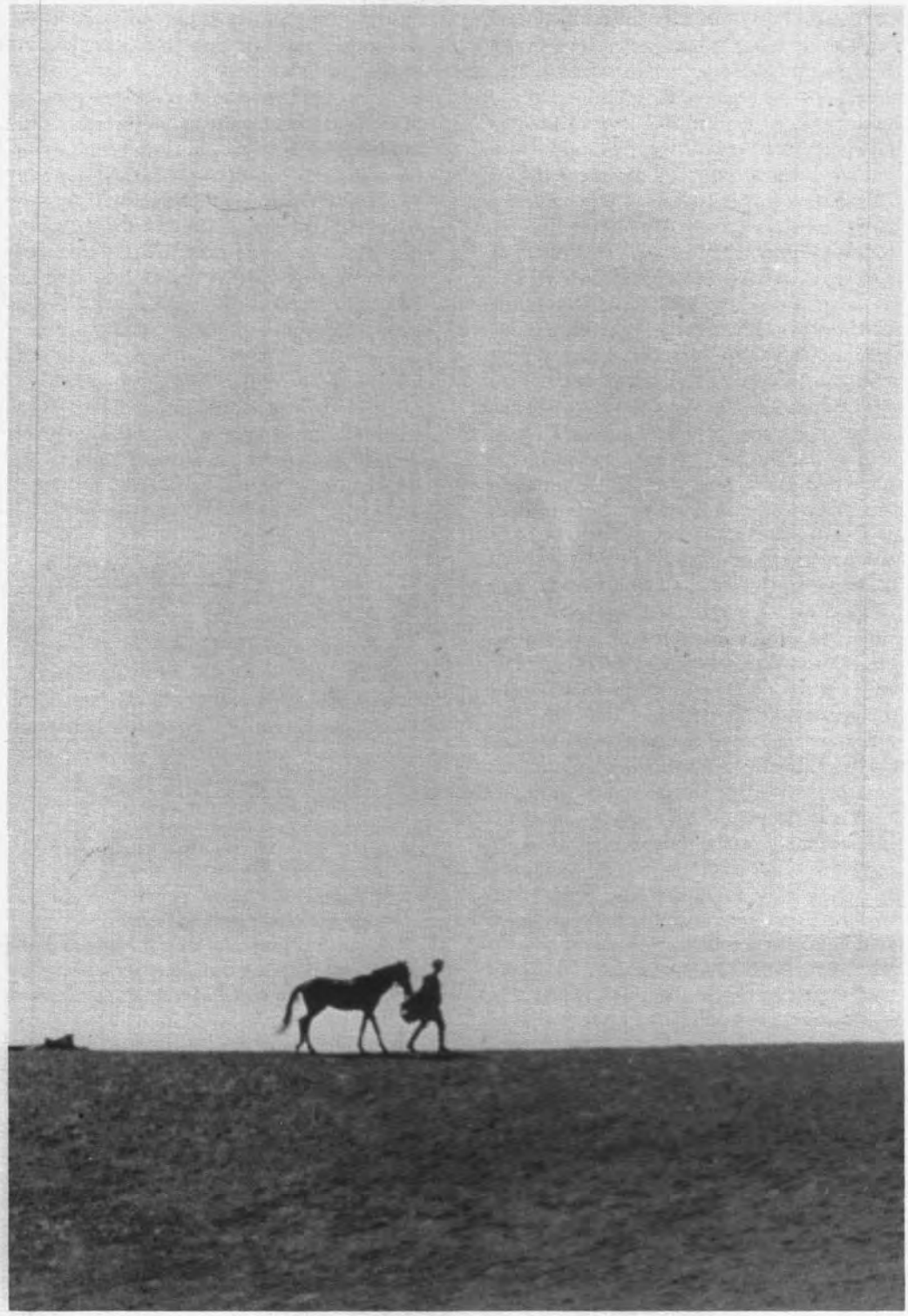
"He's not what he was, you know. He's old now. You know our expression: 'When you're sixty, you're broken.' Well, Habib, even when you used to visit him, was already over sixty.

"But even so everybody still knows him because of buzkashi. Habib rode the horses of other men, the khans, but even so he himself acquired a name: 'Habib chapandaz, Habib chapandaz,' they would say in the bazaar when he passed. And the police, of course, know where he lives up the valley from Khanabad. They used to send for him to play in Kabul before the king. Now there's no king, but they still know.

"So the regime, the Parchamis [the Communist faction now in power], wanted to use his prestige. They got him from the village and made him go to the Hazarajat [a mountainous area in central Afghanistan] where most of his *qaum* [ethnic group] still lives. They made him say he was against the resistance. I don't know much about it, but when he came back home the resistance people around Khanabad were really furious with him. They didn't shoot him or cut his throat. He was Habib, and as boys they had all heard his name and watched him play and tried to be like him. In those days no one was as strong as Habib. Now he's old and the men understood how the Parchamis had put pressure on him, but even so they were really furious.

"So they told him he had to stay at home. He couldn't go to the bazaar. They wouldn't let him. For five, six, seven months he couldn't go to the bazaar in Khanabad. His sons could go but not Habib. It's a shameful thing, you know, to be shut up that way. For all that time nobody saw Habib in the bazaar.

"Then he started to help the resistance in secret: give them food, you know, and even let them borrow his horse, the good one he



Horseman and horse alone on the steppe. Photo by the author.

had in your time. And then his brother's son, Kareem, was becoming a resistance leader. He led one raid when they captured 170 Kalashnikovs. Not bad, 170! So they finally let Habib go to the bazaar. Habib was free to go. But now the Parchami spies would be after him so he never stayed long in the bazaar, and never went far — only as far as the produce market on the outskirts of town.

"One day it happened. They were on their way back from town, on their way up the valley. Oh, there must have been fifteen or twenty horsemen. It had been bazaar day, Monday. They were on their way back about noon when the plane attacked. Why? I can tell you why. The Russians think everyone on horseback must be in the resistance. They remember that much from the time of their wars against Bokhara. And it's true. To be in the *jihad* [holy war] you need only two things: a horse and a rifle. One bullet struck the horse on top of its head and came out of its neck. The horse was hit ['ate bullets'] in all four legs. All four! Habib, thanks to God, wasn't hurt at all. I don't know why not. Only God knows.

"The horse kept going. It didn't fall. Five bullets and it didn't fall. It took Habib as far as some trees where he hid until the plane went away. Some of the other people made it; some didn't. Habib got down, and then the horse lay down and went to sleep. It wasn't dead, only sleeping. And when the plane was gone, Habib woke the horse and got back on. That horse delivered him all the way home. The whole way! Only then did it die ['Surrender its soul to God']. It was Habib's own horse, the one you yourself remember.

"Now I don't know. Before I left Khanabad, they fired that BM-13 up the valley. The new rockets. They make water boil and walls disappear. And now it's been seven months — two in Kunduz, one on the way, and four in this camp — so I can't tell you any more about Habib. I don't know. Only God knows."

The story ended, vacantly, in the midst of a situation wholly intolerable for the speaker. Nonetheless the framework of oral narrative still provided a sense of coherence. Current events are phrased in past idioms. Habib is Kurroglou, the epic horseman hero. His horse, so widely known around Khanabad for its buzkashi prowess, becomes Kurroglou's wonder horse Kyrat. A tie unto death between horseman and horse supplies the only permanent loyalty in both stories. As for human relationships, "Life can be more complicated than you think." Habib's associates — many of whom maintain simultaneous ties with both the resistance and the regime — live in an uncertain world. Like the characters around Kurroglou, they must first survive and only then concern themselves with the niceties of allegiance. Habib, whose repute is derived from a game and thus merely symbolic, lacks even the shifting power base of Kurroglou. In a landscape of factional patriots, all-knowing police, and spies of every description, where can an old man turn? The hero has only himself and his horse.

Against this ethically bleak background, there would seem to be but one possible conclusion: doom. Kurroglou, his horse dead, succumbs almost passively to assassins. What of Habib? Miraculously missed in the plane attack, he is carried to safety by his even more miraculous horse. Struck by five bullets, the horse reaches a temporary haven, sleeps but doesn't die, and finally delivers the hero safely home. Habib would seem to be safe, but for how long? His wonder horse is gone, and now the Russians fire new rockets up the valley. In the narrator's final phrase, "Only God knows."

"Only God knows" represents one way of coming to terms with extreme dislocation. When everything worldly changes for the worse, religious fatalism offers at least a semblance of comprehensibility. In the case of one Afghan refugee — surrounded by the wreckage of what had been an orderly life — folk narrative preserves this last-ditch sense of order: the present as continuation of the past. If the theme of that continuity — lonely heroism, treacherous opportunism, and final doom — seems tragic, it is preferable to no continuity at all. To render new events in familiar patterns, no matter how unhappy, salvages meaning from otherwise meaningless change.

David R. Mason

Alfred North Whitehead: A Civilized Philosopher

To call Alfred North Whitehead a "civilized philosopher" is not to imply that other philosophers are uncivilized. But one might rank Whitehead as one of the three or four great minds of Western civilization in comprehensiveness of knowledge, in ability to synthesize ideas, in analytic and systematic power, and in originality of insight. As Charles Hartshorne says, "the scope of [Whitehead's] knowledge and interests reminds one of Leibnitz, and before Leibnitz, of Plato. These are the three thinkers who sought to unite, so far as possible, mathematics, metaphysics, religion, and scientific cosmology and who had the knowledge and intellectual powers required to do so."[1]

This gentle, wise, and urbane man was as admired for his grasp of human nature, his graciousness and wit in conversation, and his skills as an educator and administrator as for his prodigious mathematical and metaphysical studies; he was as much at home in Greek and Latin, the vagaries of European civilization, and Romantic poetry as he was in symbolic logic, the electromagnetic theories of Clerk Maxwell, or the relativity physics of Einstein. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter once said that "no single figure has had such a pervasive influence" on American university life as Whitehead: "For all who came within the range of his infectious personality, arid professionalism was quickened into exhilarating meaning and the universe expanded. Such was the quiet, almost shy magic of his qualities that his influence imperceptibly but quickly permeated the whole university."[2]

Whitehead summed up his own attitude in these characteristic words:

> Philosophy . . . is not — or, at least, should not be — a ferocious debate between irritable professors. It is a survey of possibilities and their comparison with actualities. In philosophy, the fact, the theory, the alternatives, and the ideal, are weighed together. Its gifts are insight and foresight, and a sense of worth of life, in short, that sense of importance which nerves all civilized effort. Mankind can flourish in the lower stages of life with merely barbaric flashes of thought. But when civilization culminates, the absence of a co-ordinating philosophy of life, spread throughout the community, spells decadence, boredom, and the slackening of effort.[3]

Alfred North Whitehead's earliest memories are of life in an Anglican vicarage in rural Kent, near Canterbury Cathedral in England. His father, who had been a schoolmaster before being ordained, served a large parish. He was the rural dean and was highly respected by parishioners and local clergy. Whitehead's parents were close friends with Archbishop Tait and his family, who summered in the parish. For him the "Barsetshire Chronicles" of Anthony Trollope described scenes from his childhood. Reading Trollope, "I can hear my father and his clerical friends talking," he reports. "Even the jokes sound

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natural."[4] His early childhood was surrounded by living history: Norman churches and medieval villages; sixteenth-century Flemish dikes and canals, innumerable reminders of the Roman and Saxon past of the area, together with the memorials to such Christian saints as Augustine, Anselm, and the ever-present Becket. East Kent, lying on the Channel, also had a strong sense of connection with the Continent.

At fourteen Whitehead was sent to school at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, at the other end of southern England. This school dated from the eighth century and claimed Alfred the Great as a pupil. For five years daily exercises in Greek and Latin were interspersed with mathematics, history, and science. English was not studied; it was assumed! "My recollection," he says, "is that the classics were well taught, with an unconsious comparison of the older civilization with modern life . . . . [Also] we read the Bible in Greek . . . . Such Scripture lessons, on each Sunday afternoon and Monday morning, were popular, because the authors did not seem to know much more Greek than we did, and so kept their grammar simple."[5] Even so, his chief interest was mathematics, and the subject was well taught. Of course there was time for cricket and football and for leisurely reading, mostly in poetry and history. Anyone who harbors a yen for the days of old will doubtless be charmed by thoughts of such a life. And it served Whitehead well; yet, as he was later to realize, even then it was an era in the past.

It is usual to portray Whitehead's adult life as a "Tale of Three Cities": Cambridge, England; London; and Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1880 he matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge University. Those who have marveled at Whitehead's command of a vast array of facts and ideas, his familiarity with poetry, history, and science, are startled to hear that "During my whole undergraduate period at Trinity, all my lectures were on mathematics, pure and applied. I never went inside another lecture room."[6]

But the lectures, of course, were only one side of his education. The other part was supplied by incessant and intense reading and discussion with equally bright undergraduates and dons. The conversations covered nearly everything: politics, religion, philosophy, and above all, literature. These discussions occurred nightly from supper to about 10 o'clock, when he returned to his rooms for several hours' work in mathematics. The focus of this Platonic method of learning, however, was a group called the "Apostles," founded by F. D. Maurice in the 1820's. It met every Saturday night and continued until the morning. Many prominent persons, such as the poet Tennyson, the historian Maitland, the philosopher Sidgwick, and, later, the economist John Maynard Keynes, were members. It must have been exhilarating and, indeed, it infused Whitehead with a passion for learning throughout his life. His was, indeed, an "adventure of ideas."

Whitehead remained at Cambridge for the next thirty years, first as undergraduate, then as Fellow, and finally, as Senior Lecturer in Mathematics. In 1898, he published a 586-page *Treatise on Universal Algebra* which led to his election to the prestigious Royal Society, and subsequently to his collaboration with his brilliant former student, Bertrand Russell, in the three-volume *Principia Mathematica*, which is said to be the greatest contribution to logic since Aristotle, and the foundation of modern symbolic logic.

Other important works were produced during this period, but the single most noteworthy influence on his outlook and philosophic output was his marriage to Evelyn Willoughby Wade in 1890. "My wife's background," he notes, "is completely different, namely military and diplomatic. Her vivid life has taught me that beauty, moral and aesthetic, is the aim of existence; and that kindness, and love, and artistic satisfaction are among its modes of attainment. Logic and science," he adds, "are the disclosure of relevant patterns, and also procure the avoidance of irrelevancies."[7]

In 1910, he resigned his position at Cambridge and moved to London. It has been wondered why this move occurred. Whitehead may have become bored at Cambridge and wished to move into the intellectually and aesthetically richer atmosphere of London. Perhaps the move was, indeed, prompted by the spirit of adventure which Whitehead deemed so central to any lasting civilization. Whatever the motivation, he moved and held no academic post during the first year in London. It was during this time that he produced the small volume, *An Introduction to Mathematics*, which is remarkable in its ability to

communicate to the layman the fundamental ideas of this abstruse subject, "disentangled from the technical procedure which has been invented to facilitate their exact presentation."[8] A passage from this book illustrates both Whitehead's personal attitude and his view about the requisites for a great civilization. The discussion concerns Archimedes, the Greek genius who combined mathematical keenness with physical insight, and who lost his life because he was so absorbed in the study of a geometrical diagram that he failed to heed the order of a Roman soldier, who killed him. "The death of Archimedes by the hands of a Roman soldier," Whitehead writes,

> is symbolical of a world-change of the first magnitude; the theoretical Greeks, with their love of abstract science, were superseded in the leadership of the European world by the practical Romans. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his novels, has defined a practical man as a man who practises the errors of his forefathers. The Romans were a great race, but they were cursed with the sterility which waits upon practicality. They did not improve upon the knowledge of their forefathers, and all their advances were confined to the minor technical details of engineering. They were not dreamers enough to arrive at new points of view, which could give a more fundamental control over the forces of nature. No Roman lost his life because he was absorbed in the contemplation of a mathematical diagram.[9]

But Whitehead was not contemptuous of mechanical skills or technological advances. He insisted that civilization would not be forwarded by prolonged reflection on matters which could just as well be performed mechanically. I believe he would have welcomed the computer. "It is a profoundly erroneous truism," he continues later in the book,

> repeated by all copy-books and by eminent people when they are making speeches, that we should cultivate the habit of thinking about what we are doing. The precise opposite is the case. Civilization advances by extending the number of important operations which we can perform without thinking about them. Operations of thought are like cavalry charges in a battle — they are strictly limited in number, they require fresh horses, and must be made at decisive moments.[10]

From 1911 to 1924 Whitehead was deeply involved in the academic and administrative life of that newly emerging confederation of colleges and technical institutes which is the University of London. It was a busy time, and, as he says, it "transformed my views as to the problems of higher education in a modern industrial civilization."[11] At the time most educators assumed that Oxford and Cambridge were the only legitimate models for higher education. The great German universities were a different alternative, but both types operated on the assumption that nature had restricted to the favored few the desire to learn, to produce, and to share in the riches thus produced. "The learned world," as Whitehead remarked, "is immersed in the past."[12] These models had been successful and had served the rising capitalist countries of northern Europe well for over three hundred years. But the attempt to sustain the vigor of a civilization by repeating past successes is like trying to inject living juices into dried, pressed flowers. We study the past in order to identify deep patterns and to observe vivid examples of human behavior. But we should never attempt to imitate the details of the pattern.

Whitehead believed he recognized a "new factor in civilization," namely, "the seething mass of artisans seeking intellectual enlightenment, of young people from every social grade craving for adequate knowledge."[13] Moreover, he perceived what many from his background and privilege were incapable of seeing: that a great civilization could thrive only by opening itself up to new sources of energy, not to mention the simple justice of extending more widely the fruits of a rich cultural heritage.

Whitehead's experiences in London convinced him that "knowledge for the sake of knowledge" is not merely sterile, but debilitating as well. What is required for a vigorous civilization is the yoking of practice to theory: The mastery of a few fundamental principles which can be shown to apply to various cases; the thinking through of basic ideas which, when rubbed together, can spark a fresh approach to problems; the testing of methods for acquiring new knowledge. Nowhere is this conviction put more convincingly than in the opening paragraphs of his justly famous essay, "The Aims of Education":

> Culture is activity of thought and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth. What

we should aim at producing is men who possess both culture and expert knowledge in some special direction. Their expert knowledge will give them the ground to start from, and their culture will lead them as deep as philosophy and as high as art . . . . In training a child to activity of thought, above all things we must beware of what I call "inert ideas" — that is to say, ideas that are merely received into the mind without being utilized, or tested, or thrown into fresh combinations . . . .

Let the main ideas which are introduced into a child's education be few and important, and let them be thrown into every combination possible. The child should make them his own, and should understand their application here and now in the circumstances of his actual life. From the very beginning of his education, the child should experience the joy of discovery. The discovery which he has to make, is that general ideas give an understanding of that stream of events which pours through his life, which is his life.[14]

We should note that, in this plea for the relevance of fundamental ideas to the theory and practice of living, Whitehead is not advocating our modern cheap counterfeit — sitting in circles and sharing our experiences or engaging in "touchy- feely" exercises. Rather, he calls for a disciplined vigor which reaches out to the student's shapeless turbulence in order to mold it and direct it towards the attainment of both culture and special expertise. In fact, an inspection of the various essays which together constitute the book, *The Aims of Education*, discloses that he saw clearly the need for mastery of various fundamental ideas and skills, and he saw that such effort was always to be aimed at promoting "the art of life," namely, "to live, . . . to live well, . . . to live better."[15] This is clear in his comments on the study of mathematics:

The main ideas which lie at the base of mathematics are not at all recondite. They are abstract. But one of the main objects of the inclusion of mathematics in a liberal education is to train the pupils to handle abstract ideas . . . . For the purposes of education, mathematics consists of the relations of number, the relations of quantity, and the relations of space . . . .

Now in education we proceed from the particular to the general. Accordingly, children should be taught the use of these ideas by practise among simple examples. My point is this: The goal should be not an aimless accumulation of special mathematical theorems, but the final recognition that the preceding years of work illustrated those relations of number, and of quantity, and of space, which are of fundamental importance.[16]

Or, to be more precise:

Quadratic equations are part of algebra, and algebra is the intellectual instrument which has been created for rendering clear the quantitative aspects of the world. There is no getting out of it. Through and through the world is infected with quantity. To talk sense, is to talk in quantities.[17]

The mastery of a few basic ideas which are essential to the art of living is gained by commerce among concrete examples. But there is always need to recur to the fundamental ideas which apply across the board in order to see the point of what we are doing. Then we plunge back into the particular operations to show the relations among the various fundamental ideas. This design reminds us of Whitehead's later remarks about the method of discovery in natural science: "The true method of discovery is like the flight of an aeroplane. It starts from the ground of particular observation; it makes a flight in the thin air of imaginative generalization; and it again lands for renewed observation rendered acute by rational interpretation."[18]

The same principle of the cross fertilization of theory and practice is illustrated in his attitude toward the teaching of classical and modern languages. Whitehead knew that the day in which the study of classics dominated schools and universities was gone forever. The only defense for its inclusion in a school curriculum is that "it can produce a necessary enrichment of intellectual character more quickly than any alternative discipline directed to the same object."[19]

To the obvious question — If the purpose is really the development of mental acuity, why not go directly to something such as logic? — Whitehead replies in the words of a famous headmaster: "They learn by contact." That is to say the education of the young "must start from the particular fact concrete and definite for individual apprehension, and must gradually evolve toward the general idea . . . . What is the best way to make a child clearheaded in its thoughts and its statements? The general statements of a logic book have no reference to anything the child has ever heard of . . . . You must begin with the analysis of familiar English sentences. But this grammatical procedure, if prolonged beyond its elementary stages, is horribly dry . . . . Your next step is to teach the child a foreign language."[20]

The advantages of this procedure are two: first, the sense of discovery of new words and structures relieves the boredom of repetition and so reinforces the excitement of learning; second, each language embodies a different mentality and offers a different perspective on the human adventure. As to the particulars, Whitehead suggests French and Latin for the English-speaking student. The latter, in addition to exhibiting the structure of language fairly clearly, embodies the ideas which lie at the beginning of the European journey; the former, one of the diverse routes taken:

> What is really necessary is that we should have an instinctive grasp of the flux of outlook, and of thought, and of aesthetic and racial impulses, which have controlled the troubled history of mankind.
>
> . . . An elementary knowledge of French and Latin with a mother- tongue of English imparts the requisite atmosphere of reality to the story of the racial wanderings which created our Europe. Language is the incarnation of the mentality of the race which fashioned it. Every phrase and word embodies some habitual idea of men and women as they ploughed their fields, tended their homes, and built their cities . . . . In English, French, and Latin we possess a triangle, such that one pair of vertices, English and French, exhibits a pair of diverse expressions of two chief types of modern mentality, and the relations of these vertices to the third exhibit alternative processes of derivation from the Mediterranean civilization of the past.[21]

The foregoing passages reflect Whitehead's changing views on education stemming from his own educational background and his experience with working-class Londoners demanding access to the fruits of civilization. We should recall his conviction that in the developing individual there are "rhythmic claims of freedom and discipline." That is, "the dominant note of education at its beginning and at its end is freedom, but there is an intermediate stage of discipline with freedom in subordination." He calls the beginning period, the "stage of Romance," the intermediate period, that of "Precision," and the final period, the "stage of Generalization."[22] The intermediate stage, it is noted, is requisite for cultivating the final stage of freedom, namely, the ability to discern the common denominator beneath diverse experiences and to draw conclusions from our detailed knowledge.

Thus we arrive at that disciplined freedom that is the engine of great human activity. "Logic," he says in one of those utterly memorable passages,

> properly used, does not shackle thought. It gives freedom, and above all boldness. Illogical thought hesitates to draw conclusions, because it never knows either what it means, or what it assumes, or how far it trusts its own assumptions, or what will be the effect of any modification of assumptions . . .
>
> Neither logic without observation, nor observation without logic, can move one step in the formation of science. We may conceive humanity as engaged in an internecine conflict between youth and age. Youth is not defined by years but by the creative impulse to make something. The aged are those who, before all things, desire not to make a mistake. Logic is the olive branch from the old to the young, the wand which in the hands of youth has the magic property of creating science.[23]

These views on education were articulated during Whitehead's middle period and provide a key to understanding both his personality and his philosophy of civilization. But he was not preoccupied exclusively with problems of educating the young. During these years the mathematician and educator who had neither taken nor taught a formal course in philosophy was working out a thorough philosophy of science — of space, time, matter, and perception — in a series of important articles and in three difficult, but rewarding books. The work of this period attracted the attention of a number of philosophers and is still regarded by many who distrust his later advance into metaphysics as his most important contribution to thought. Even so, the detailed analysis of the fundamental notions lying at the base of science, important as it is in its own right, must be seen as but a stage in the development toward the more comprehensive and systematic philosophic output that occupied his last twenty years. The relation between the work of the two periods is analogous to that between the stages of Precision and of Generalization in education as he perceives it.

At the age of sixty-three, when most men are contemplating retirement, Whitehead received an invitation to join the philosophy department of Harvard. In the spirit of adventure, and with the hope of articulating and systematizing ideas which had been incu-

bating in his mind for years, he accepted the offer. The ensuing years saw a brilliant outpouring of speculative philosophy. From 1925 to 1938, he published a number of essays and seven books, including the three for which he is best known: *Science and the Modern World, Process and Reality,* and *Adventures of Ideas*. Although his metaphysics are a rewarding study, the key to his philosophy of civilization and his character may be gleaned from scattered remarks in the metaphysical works and the published dialogues with Lucien Price, and his success as a teacher is recorded in the observations of his colleagues and former students.

Whitehead believed that any great civilization embodies four interlocking qualities which will be found incarnated in the great figures, the exemplars, of the civilization. They are: Beauty, Adventure, the Bond Between Individual and Community, and Peace.

First, Beauty. It may seem strange to many that of the great Platonic triad of values — Truth, Beauty, and Goodness — Whitehead accords first place to Beauty. This is not to say that he rejects the pursuit of truth and goodness. A good case can be made for the claim that his entire career was given to the pursuit of truth, searching beneath the instances of "misplaced concreteness" to lay bare the common forms of experience which are shared by all beings, or past the expressions of dogmatic finality to the deeper truths they seek to embody. Also, a good case can be made for the claim, not only that Whitehead was himself a good man, but that he developed ideas that promote the well-being of the broadest spectrum of persons in a society consistent with the maintenance of the structures of that society itself. Thus, if Beauty lies at the base of the triad, Truth and Goodness are indispensable sides which join at the apex. And it will be seen that Whitehead's treatment of Truth and Goodness often appear under different categories such as those of "Adventure" and individuals-in-community. But Beauty is the foundational value and Truth and Goodness are to be understood in terms of it. It is the matrix for the entire value system. How so?

First, consider what "Beauty" stands for in its widest meaning. Whitehead suggests that Beauty occurs when a number of contrasting elements are brought together into a harmonious whole which elicits intensity of experience. There are several important components of a beautiful experience or object as here articulated. The "simple gifts" of the Quaker hymn (simplicity, freedom) may be beautiful, but they are only so in contrast with the confusion of too much "stuff" in their surroundings. In this respect we should heed Whitehead's dictum issued in a different context: "Seek simplicity and distrust it."[24] Mere simplicity or mere repetition of pattern is not beautiful; it is trivial or, at best, bland. What is needed are several contrasting elements. A counterpoint is inherently richer than a single melody. But balance is required, since what aims at contrast may end in conflict. And conflict, cacophony, discord are clearly not beautiful; they are ugly just as the repetition of sameness is bland. These, then, are the two extremes to be avoided: mere simplicity and repetition on the one hand, and too many self-regarding, conflicting elements on the other. What is wanted is a patterned contrast of several different strands blended together into a rich, symphonic whole. Also, a beautiful experience exhibits and elicits intensity. There is, of course, a certain harmony exhibited by a blissful hog resting in cool mud. But the experience is hardly intense — unless it becomes the occasion for thoughts of succulent, roast pork. But then the experience is ours, not the hog's.

Manyness, oneness — *e pluribus unum*; harmony; intensity: these are the ingredients of Beauty. And a civilization not only promotes individual expressions of beauty among its members; it should exhibit this sort of beauty in its very structures and institutions. Is a simple, artless culture entitled to be called a civilization? Are warring factions civilized? Perhaps more to the point: is a society which favors fast food and trivial pursuits, whose writers and spokesmen debase the language and whose builders throw up cheap, unimaginative architecture, a consumer society which is drenched in drugs and alcohol and torn apart by crime, one which seems to prefer trendy celebrities to true genius — is this a civilization which exemplifies Beauty in this sense? Let us hope that the current breakup of values represents an internal readjustment which is signalling a change toward new forms of civilization rather than mere decline and fall.

This observation leads us to the second quality requisite to civilization: Adventure.

As was seen with respect to education, Whitehead believed that it was disastrous to attempt to imitate past successes. The problems of civilization are simply those of education in a larger context.

> The Chinese and the Greeks both achieved certain perfections of civilization — each worthy of admiration. But even perfection will not bear the tedium of indefinite repetition. To sustain a civilization with the intensity of its first ardour requires more than learning. Adventure is essential, namely, the search for new perfections.[25]

In fact, Whitehead reminds us, if we admire Greek civilization in the Hellenic period and hold it aloft as a standard around which to rally, we must take care not to try to reproduce that civilization except in spirit. For the Greeks themselves were not static or backward looking: "They were speculative, adventurous, eager for novelty. The most un-Greek thing that we can do is to copy the Greeks. For emphatically they were not copyists."[26] To make this point is to insist that a civilization is great, not only because of the skills it has perfected, but because of the ideals it entertains. These ideals are the springs of originality which propel that civilization "beyond the safe limits of learned rules of taste." Thus he writes: "Adventure rarely reaches its predetermined end. Columbus never reached China. But he discovered America . . . . A race preserves its vigour so long as it harbours a real contrast between what has been and what may be; so long as it is nerved by the vigour to adventure beyond the safeties of the past. Without adventure civilization is in full decay."[27]

Whitehead's own personal attitude toward the safeties of the past is well illustrated by some comments he made to Lucien Price:

> Let me speak personally for a moment. I had a good classical education, and when I went up to Cambridge early in the 1880's my mathematical training was continued under good teachers. Now nearly everything was supposed to be known about physics that could be known — except a few spots, such as electromagnetic phenomena, which remained (or so it was thought) to be coordinated with the Newtonian principles. But, for the rest, physics was supposed to be nearly a closed subject. Those investigations to coordinate went on through the next dozen years. By the middle of the 1890's there were a few tremors, a slight shiver as of all not being quite secure, but no one sensed what was coming. By 1900 the Newtonian physics were demolished, done for! Still speaking personally, it had a profound effect on me; I have been fooled once, and I'll be damned if I'll be fooled again! Einstein is supposed to have made an epochal discovery. I am respectful and interested, but also skeptical. There is no more reason to suppose that Einstein's relativity is anything final than Newton's *Principia*. The danger is dogmatic thought; it plays the devil with religion, and science is not immune from it.[28]

The idea of the bond between the individual and community captures the essence of Whitehead's organic philosophy and so lies at the base of his philosophy of civilization. Whitehead's vision is that reality is *not* made up of inert bits of matter interspersed with impenetrable bits of mind; it is a complex process in which the "many become one and are increased by one."[29] Each "one" is fundamentally related to its environment; it is a "social self." And yet each "one" is unique and a center of freedom and power; it is a creative synthesis of the many data which converge upon it and the possibilities which loom before it. And as creative of itself, it is always a power beyond itself. Each individual is a focus of value; of value for itself, for others, and for the whole of which it is an integral part.

Reality should be conceived neither as a featureless mass of syrup (or, to shift to Hegel's metaphor, "the night in which all cows are black") nor as a heap of discrete pellets. It is made up of individuals, yet individuals who come into being and who are inescapably bound to their neighbors and who either contribute to or detract from the value of the whole, because they are, willy nilly, significant beyond themselves.

To transpose this philosphy onto the grid of civilization is to assert that any society which endeavors to grow strong by suppressing individual freedom, a totalitarian state which exalts the "Fatherland" or the "party structure" at the expense of individual creative power also does so at the expense of civilization. On the other hand any widespread belief that to gain individual power and freedom is to do so at the expense of others in one's society — that is, to conceive "power" as the "power over" others or the power to extract wealth from the environment and "freedom" as "freedom from" social responsibility and civil law — is also destructive of civilization. Such an attitude is a license for anarchy, for the "wild west" mentality and is, in fact, an invitation for a

strongman to take over. It is *not* productive of civilization. Civilization requires a value system which promotes strong individuals, yet ones with deep social responsibility.

Finally, Whitehead's reference to the quality of "Peace" should not be confused with the mere cessation of war. Neither should it be confused with what he calls "that bastard substitute, anaesthesia." That is, Peace is not the mindless bliss of our hog in cool mud or the equally — and more tragic — mindless state of one stoned on drugs or alcohol, or even mesmerized by excessive exposure to television and video games.

Peace, rather, is a "quality of mind steady in its reliance that fine action is treasured in the nature of things."[30] Thus Peace is essentially a religious notion, whether or not it be allied with any particular religious tradition or even with the concept of God. It stems from a confidence that life is worthwhile and that what we do matters — matters infinitely — in the universe. But this kind of confidence is by no means self- assertive. In fact it is a confidence in self-worth precisely because there is something greater beyond the self. As Whitehead says, Peace is

> that Harmony of Harmonies which calms destructive turbulence and completes civilization . . . . It is a broadening of feeling due to the emergence of some deep metaphysical insight, unverbalized and yet momentous in its coordination of values. Its first effect is the removal of the stress of acquisitive feeling arising from the soul's preoccupation with itself. Thus Peace carries with it a surpassing of personality . . . . It is primarily a trust in the efficacy of Beauty. It is a sense that fineness of achievement is as it were a key unlocking treasures that the narrow nature of things would keep remote. There is thus involved a grasp of infinitude, an appeal beyond boundaries. Its emotional effect is the subsidence of turbulence which inhibits . . . . It preserves the springs of energy, and at the same time masters them for the avoidance of paralyzing distractions . . . . It is self-control at its widest — at the width where the "self" has been lost, and interest has been transferred to coordinations wider than personality. One of its fruits is . . . the love of mankind as such.[31]

Whitehead was no Pollyannna. He knew tragedy personally. His youngest son was killed at the age of nineteen in the First World War. Yet he also had a deeper sense that neither the tragic nor the trivial were in vain. He was imbued with the sense that everything that occurs makes a difference; it is something that matters. This, I believe, accounts for that peculiar grace, that openness, that utter security that others report about him. Bertrand Russell says of him:

> Whitehead was extraordinarily perfect as a teacher. He took a personal interest in those with whom he had to deal and knew both their strong and their weak points. He could elicit from a pupil the best of which a pupil was capable. He was never repressive, or sarcastic, or superior, or any of the things that inferior teachers like to be. I think that in all the abler young men with whom he came in contact he inspired, as he did with me, a very real and lasting affection.[32]

Charles Hartshorne, another great philosopher, who worked as his teaching assistant, and who mastered Whitehead's thought as no one else has, says: "Everyone who knew Whitehead personally marvelled at him as a human being. I myself have never known anyone who so strongly impressed me by his genius and kindness. Kant made a similar impression on his acquaintances, although he was rather drier and more intellectual."[33] And William Ernest Hocking, who was Whitehead's colleague at Harvard, said: "Though he came to us with the aura of leadership, he was temperamentally devoid of every gesture or assumption of authority. When he spoke, we heard a voice notably equable and unassertive. But when he said '*I think* . . . ' so and so, we listened to an authentic bit of thinking coming from fresh impressions — original in the literal sense of the word, and often with a ready humor and with a frequent resort to the colloquial quip."[34]

Anyone who wishes to gain a sense of Whitehead's great wit, wisdom, urbanity, and humility before the facts should read Lucien Price's *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead*. And it is a special tribute to Whitehead's greatness that Price chooses the words of Plato's brief encomium for Socrates to mark the philosopher's death on December 30, 1947:

> Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend; concerning whom I may truly say, that of all the men of his time whom I have known, he was the wisest, and justest and best.[35]

NOTES

[1]Charles Hartshorne, "Das metaphysische System Whiteheads," trans. Schubert M. Ogden, *Zeitschrift für philosophische Forschung*, III, 4 (1949), 566.

[2]Felix Frankfurter, "Alfred North Whitehead," *New York Times*, January 8, 1948. This was reproduced as a special introduction to the Mentor edition of *The Aims of Education* (New York, 1949).

[3]Alfred North Whitehead, *Adventures of Ideas* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1933), p. 125.

[4]Lucien Price, *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead* (Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1954), p. 351.

[5]Alfred North Whitehead, "Autobiographical Notes," *Science and Philosophy* (New York: The Philosophical Library, 1948), p. 12.

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[8]Alfred North Whitehead, *An Introduction to Mathematics* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1948), p. 1.

[9]*Ibid.*, pp. 25-26.

[10]*Ibid.*, pp. 41-42.

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[17]*Ibid.*, p. 11.

[18]Alfred North Whitehead, *Process and Reality: An Essay in Cosmology* (New York: The Macmillan Co., 1929), p. 7.

[19]*The Aims of Education*, p. 96.

[20]*Ibid.*, pp. 97-98.

[21]*Ibid.*, pp. 101-102.

[22]*Ibid.*, p. 48.

[23]*Ibid.*, pp. 178-179.

[24]Alfred North Whitehead, *The Concept of Nature* (Cambridge: University Press, 1964), p. 163.

[25]*Adventures of Ideas*, p. 332.

[26]*Ibid.*, p. 353.

[27]*Ibid.*, pp. 359-360.

[28]*Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead*, pp. 345-346.

[29]*Process and Reality*, p. 32.

[30]*Adventures of Ideas*, p.353.

[31]*Ibid.*, pp. 367-368.

[32]Bertrand Russell, *Portraits From Memory and Other Essays* (London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd., 1956), p. 97.

[33]Hartshorne, "Das metaphysische System Whiteheads," p. 566.

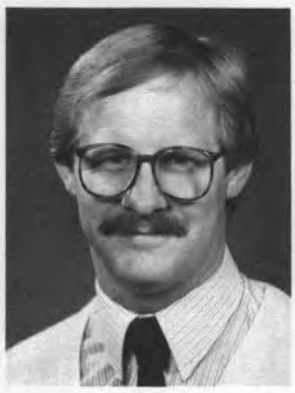
[34]William Ernest Hocking, "Whitehead as I Knew Him," *Alfred North Whitehead: Essays on His Philosophy*, ed. George L. Kline (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice-Hall, 1963), pp. 7-8.

[35]Cited in *Dialogues of Alfred North Whitehead*, p. 373.

Michael Cole

Through a Lens, Darkly

Three prose poems inspired by the photographs of Jerry N. Uelsmann



Michael Cole was born in Newark, Ohio, raised in the industrial Ohio Valley (Steubenville), and educated at the University of Connecticut and Kent State University, where he is currently employed. He has completed a chapbook of poems and a translation of selected poems by the Russian poet Osip Mandelstam, and is now working on translations from the Finnish poet Pentti Saaroski. His translations have been published in a number of magazines. He lives in Kent with his wife and daughter.

These photographs by Jerry Uelsmann appear in Jerry N. Uelsmann, Twenty-Five Years: A Retrospective *(a New York York Graphic Society book; Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1982).*

The Wave

Without doubt, the finest specimen of its kind in captivity! Taken from Lake Erie as it began to break, the young wave is now housed with our art museum's Etruscan Miniatures Collection — " . . . the multiplicity of statues in their passive poses offsetting the wave's singularity and activity." It seems to have forgotten about wind and changing temperatures. Inside the polished mahogany box (not unlike a sandbox) it rolls back and forth in apparent disregard, although I have seen it rise and crest for large museum tours. Admission is free. We ask only that you not cry or make sudden hand movements.

The Invitation

Marriage of over two-thousand years has altered our stone faces (his nose is missing as is mine and part of an eye) so that we appear distant or nonchalant, but our home is ever open to you. We are congenial (note the *felix vivo* on our gravestone). Come, let the table lamp's warm beam guide you over our linoleum floor. You must be tired. There are upholstered chairs in the corner. Relax. We can't get you anything or speak, for that matter, but we certainly enjoy your presence.

Myth of the Tree

It is said that should the beholder of this great oak see in its branches or bark the face of a sleeping dryad, his or her life's sleep will be restful and death will come in sleep. Last April during a thunderstorm, I thought I saw her ebony face far up the bole. This insomnia is killing me.

Carole Venaleck

The Invisible Power of Color

Viewing the world through rose-colored glasses may not make it seem any better. Consider this letter sent to color and light researcher John Ott from the director of the Kansas City Royals Baseball Academy:

> Thirty days have now passed since we changed one of our players's glasses from a pink-tinted to a medium gray as per your recommendation.
>
> It was amazing to observe how the player was changed from a hyper-aggressive and helmet-throwing player to a very relaxed, confident person. There was a great deal of improvement in performance.[1]

Richard Marsh of radio station WILZ near St. Petersburg, Florida, told Ott of the results of changing his studio's white fluorescent lights to pink. After two months, employees became recalcitrant and opposed the aims of management. Announcers functioned poorly. Some staff members submitted resignations. Not until the white tubes were returned did employee performance and satisfaction rise to previous levels.

As with men, so with mink. The Northwood Mink Farms in Cary, Illinois, subjected mink to natural daylight filtered through a pink glass. The animals' ill-natured tendencies sharpened to the point of viciousness. Some mink were removed and placed behind blue-tinted plastic. Within thirty days, the mink exposed to blue light were docile enough to be handled without gloves; moreover, all females became pregnant on the first attempt at mating. After three mating attempts, which included two injections of pregnant mare serum, only 87 percent of the females in pink-lighted cages became pregnant.[2]

Conversely, so soothing is the effect of pink when applied to surfaces that a team of color consultants suggested that the staid citizens of a section of London repaint Blackfriars Bridge in "Baker-Miller pink," a bright hue noted for its capacity to pacify. Although the bridge had long been a preferred site for suicide, the citizens were unwilling to proffer consolation at the price of living with a vivid pink structure stretching across the Thames River. They compromised on blue, the color second to pink in its ability to soothe. The suicide rate declined by over one-third after the melancholy span of black iron was repainted.[3]

According to Alexander Schauss, more than 1,400 hospitals and correctional institutions in this country successfully employ pink for its relaxing effect, some prisons having been able to reduce the number of guards after introducing Baker-Miller pink to their decor. The color is the product of experiments conducted by Schauss at the American Institute for Biosocial Research in Tacoma, Washington. At his request, an admissions cell at the Naval Correctional Center in Seattle was painted Baker-Miller pink. Confinement in the cell curbed the aggressive tendencies of inmates, and the tranquilizing effect lasted more than 30 minutes after the inmates left.[4]

Color has a profound impact on our perception of the world around us. In a classic

Carole Venaleck, a native Clevelander who holds a bachelor's degree in English from Fenn College (now Cleveland State University) and another in French from Lake Erie College, now lives in Painesville. She has been a high school English teacher, a partner in an electronics business, the owner of a studio giving instruction in yoga and stretch exercising, an instructor of lunch-hour fitness classes for employees of the Fasson Corporation, and producer and actress in a cable television fitness and exercise series. She is now a full-time writer. About her choice of subjects she says: "I became interested in writing about the psychological and physiological effects of color for the same reason I am interested in most things I write about — I know nothing about the subject, but am intensely curious about it."

study, David Katz presented children with an assortment of squares, triangles, and circles in colors of red, yellow, and blue. He asked them to group like objects. The children sorted the shapes into three piles — a pile of red, a pile of yellow, a pile of blue — demonstrating that their perception of color took precedence over awareness of form.[5]

Certain colors seem to move toward us, others away from us, a phenomenon that Katz termed a difference in "insistence" (*Eindringlichkeit*), observing that red tended to "bore into the eye" whereas blue seemed to draw us after it like some "pleasant object moving away from us." This difference is referred to today as the advancing and retreating of colors. The sensation is explained by Faber Birren in terms of an advancing and retreating of the lens of the eye. The lens moves in response to both the length of the light waves admitted and to the location of the ray's focal point in relation to the position of the retina.

Red normally focuses at a point behind the retina, causing the lens of the eye to become convex and to pull the red forward, making it appear both nearer and larger. Blue normally focuses at a point in front of the retina, causing the lens of the eye to flatten and to push the blue back, making it appear farther away and smaller.

Perhaps for related reasons, subjects consistently perceive sticks of identical length to be longer under red light and shorter under green.[6]

Our judgment of time and weight also is influenced by color. In 1933, Dr. Kurt Goldstein observed that time is likely to be overestimated under the influence of red light and underestimated under green. In a more recent experiment, a group of salesmen were deprived of their watches and sent to a red room to attend a meeting. Another group, also deprived of watches, was sent to a green room. The men in the red room estimated that their three-hour meeting lasted six hours; their counterparts in the green environment thought their meeting considerably shorter than it was.[7]

Similarly, a given weight will be perceived to be heavier under red lighting and lighter under green. Workmen complained of straining their backs in a plant where briar pipes were packed in black metal boxes. A foreman had the metal boxes painted green, and the spirits of the workers rose as they readily hoisted the "new" lighter boxes. In another study examining the effect of color on worker productivity, heavy boxes were painted white and light boxes were painted black. Workers huffed and puffed to lift the lightweight black boxes but had no difficulty with the heavy white ones.[8]

Our reactions to certain colors affect our buying habits. Home vacuum cleaners, intended to be used by women, are available in light colors to suggest lightness and ease of maneuverability, whereas a corresponding model, intended to be used by men in garages and shops, will come in dark or bright colors to suggest durability and strength. Light beers are sold in light-colored cans to imply few calories; the use of pastel and white packaging for cigarettes low in tar and nicotine is an attempt to affirm the purity of the product. A combination of light and bold colors on detergent boxes conveys the suggestion of cleanliness and strength within.[9]

Colors also produce specific physiological responses. Goldstein, studying the adductor and abductor movements of the larger muscles in response to different colors, positioned subjects with arms extended and exposed them first to a green and then to a red environment. In response to green, the arms moved together; in response to red, they moved apart.

In general, warm colors tend to stimulate muscular activity, a phenomenon quantified long ago by Féré. Assigning a value of 23 units on an empirical scale for muscular activity exhibited under ordinary light, Féré found that activity rose slightly to 24 units under blue light, to 28 under green light, to 30 under yellow light, and climbed sharply to 35 and 42 units, respectively, under orange and red light. Similar studies by Gilbert Brighouse revealed that the muscular responses of several hundred college students were 12 percent faster under red light than under normal light but were considerably slower than normal under green light.[10]

In a recent study at UCLA, exposure to a red room increased blood pressure and heightened the rate of respiration, muscle activity, and eye blinks. Nervous persons became anxious in the red environment, but found removal to a blue room calming. Alonzo Stagg, while head football coach at the University of Chicago, met with his players in a blue room for rest periods and in a red one

for pep talks. At the University of New Mexico, visiting opponents are treated to a tranquilizing blue locker room; the home team's room is red.[11]

A light, clear yellow boosts our intellectual capacities. Yellow writing paper, such as an ordinary legal pad, can reduce mental inattention or confusion. A yellow environment promotes the fewest arithmetical mistakes, whereas blue produces the most. But blue is the most conducive to solving thinking problems. Oscar Brunler, a Swedish scientist, showed that mice confined to slate-blue boxes became lethargic and passive but reverted to lively and alert behavior when moved to yellow boxes.[12]

Orange, associated with the goodies of Halloween and the plenty of Thanksgiving, is a color that dieters would be well-advised to omit from their kitchen and dining room. Orange exerts a strong influence on the autonomic nervous system to stimulate the appetite. Fast-food restaurants have capitalized on this property by introducing decors in "eat and run" orange, which not only creates a demand for quantities of food, but encourages us to hurry off, quickly relinquishing our orange seats or orange table tops to the next fast-food eater.[13]

Surprisingly, our response to colors may be independent of the ability to distinguish one color from another, or even of sight itself. Color-blind patients at Bryce Hospital in Tuscaloosa, a mental institution, responded to the tranquilizing effect of Baker-Miller pink in a manner identical to patients who were not color-blind. "The effect of Baker-Miller pink is physical, not psychological or cultural," according to Alexander Schauss. "Each color has its own wavelength," he explains; "the wave bands stimulate chemicals in your eye, sending impulses to the . . . master endocrine glands that regulate hormones and other physiological systems in the body." Regardless of their ability to perceive colors, receptors in the eye respond to the stimulation of varying lengths of light.[14]

A group of handicapped school children in Edmonton, Alberta, exhibited "unprovoked aggression, tantrums, and a short attention span" in their orange, brown, and yellow classroom. The colors were changed to shades of blue. In the blue environment, aggressive behavior receded and the children recorded their lowest blood pressure readings. When the room was returned to its original colors, hyperactivity was resumed. Heart rates, respiration, and pulses rebounded to previous high levels. What is more startling about the experiment is that the handicap some of the children suffered from was blindness.

> Schauss says:that the blind children experienced this effect provides strong evidence that color has a direct biochemical pathway to the brain. It works as long as the retina of the eye is attached to the brain. However, if a blind child closes his eyes so that color cannot stike the retina, the effect won't work.[15]

Jacques Benoit of the Collège de France came to similar conclusions after research on the influence of light on the glands of non-sighted ducks. Other researchers have paralleled Benoit's results in experiments with sparrows and juncos. Photoelectric and photographic methods revealed that glandular stimulation was uninterrupted in the sightless fowl even after the resectioning of the eyes or the bilateral sectioning of the optic nerves. Benoit concludes that the retina functions differently when stimulating the glands than when promoting vision. Thorne Shipley, a researcher in the field, says that

> not only is light itself of autonomic importance, but confirming Benoit and Assenmacher (1955), its effects are wavelength-dependent. This dependency must somehow be mediated by neurochemical channels connecting the photoreceptors with no visibility function.[16]

What have sometimes been considered subtle psychological responses unique to human beings, with our highly developed consciousness and complex social organization, seems rather to be a physiological response which we share with the lower animals. The poultry industry has long known how to increase egg production by exposing hens to artificial light, thus stimulating the pituitary and other glands that promote laying. Apparently the response of Kansas City baseball players and of announcers at station WILZ are of essentially the same order.

NOTES

[1]John N. Ott, *Health and Light* (Old Greenwich: The Devin-Adair Co., 1973), p. 109.

[2]Ott, pp. 106-108.

[3]Leslie Kane, "The Power of Color," *Health*, July, 1982, p. 37; Linda A. Clark, *The Ancient Art of Color Therapy* (Old Greenwich: The Devin-Adair Co., 1982), p. 35.

[4]Kane, p. 37; Lowell Ponte, "How Color Affects Your Moods," *Reader's Digest*, July, 1982, p. 96.

[5]Faber Birren, *Color Perception in Art* (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold Co., 1976), p. 31.

[6]David Katz, *The World of Colour* (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1935), pp. xv, 69; Birren, p. 31; Birren, *Color Psychology and Color Therapy* (New Hyde Park: University Books, 1965), p. 146.

[7]Kurt Goldstein, *The Organism* (New York: American Book Co., 1939), p. 264; Clark, p. 35.

[8]Birren, *Color Psychology*, p. 146; Clark, p. 35; Kane, p. 36.

[9]Anastasia Toufexis, "The Bluing of America," *Time*, 18 July, 1983, p. 62.

[10]Goldstein, pp. 263-65; Birren, *Color Psychology*, pp. 142-46; Féré's experiment is described by Matthew Luckiesh, *The Language of Color* (New York: Dodd, Mead and Co., 1918), p. 161.

[11]Kane, p. 37; Clark, p. 91.

[12]Clark, p. 35; Frans Gerritsen, *Theory and Practice of Color* (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold Co., 1975), p. 169; Kane, p. 37.

[13]Leatrice Eisman, *Alive with Color* (Washington, D.C.: Acropolis Books, Ltd., 1983), p. 213.

[14]Eisman, p. 201; Kane, p. 36.

[15]Eisman, p. 202; Kane, p. 37.

[16]Ott, pp. 75-6.

Louise Boston and Edward J. McNeeley

Computer Memory

The commonest words are often the most misunderstood and misused. Today, when computers are involved with more and more activities, one of the most mysterious words is "memory." We think we understand computer memory because we know what human memory is. In fact, they are quite different. Moreover we don't know very well how human memory works, but it is possible to have a distinct understanding of computer memory. In addition to the expected confusion caused by the computer industry itself, laymen with no technical knowledge have contributed to the mystery. Artificial memory appears in numerous science fiction stories and films and has been portrayed as having both pleasant and unpleasant faces. One thinks of Arthur C. Clarke's HAL 9000 in "2001," the central war-room computer in Disney's "TRON," Heiland's "Moon is a Harsh Mistress." Gary Trudeau has written a "Doonesbury" strip called "In Search of Reagan's Brain" involving computer memory, and a few of his characters have worked in data centers.

A functional definition of memory might simply state that the Internal Revenue Service has a very long memory, a car salesman a very short one, and some people none at all. More specifically, computer memory is a means of storing information, such as programs or data, that can be called up when needed. Although the terms *memory* and *storage* are synonymous, *memory* usually refers to the internal device, such as a semiconductor chip within a computer's Central Processing Unit (CPU), whereas *storage* refers to devices which are external to the CPU, such as tapes and disks.

Although calculators can be traced to the inventions of Pascal in the seventeenth century, and computers to the Difference Engine and Analytical Engine (never actually built) of Charles Babbage in nineteenth-century England, digital computers using vacuum tubes date only from 1946 (ENIAC had 18,000 of them)! In these early models, which required a very large room to hold them, storage capacity was a constant difficulty.

Of course earlier non-electronic forms of memory have been used in calculating for many centuries. These antecedent forms closely parallel modern memory in many ways. The abacus is frequently mentioned as the precursor of the modern computer. To the extent that both devices involve the high-speed movement of their respective forms of data, the analogy is probably valid. An abacus, however, has no permanent memory. The value of a static arrangement of its beads is only temporary. Moving the beads for further calculations vacates the "memory."

This, as well as other disadvantages, also apply to the calculating machines produced by Western technology during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centu-

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Edward J. McNeeley has worked in data-processing for six years and is manager of contract services in CSU's Computer Center. He holds a master's degree in Urban Studies from Cleveland State University, and is especially interested in the use of data processors in public service.

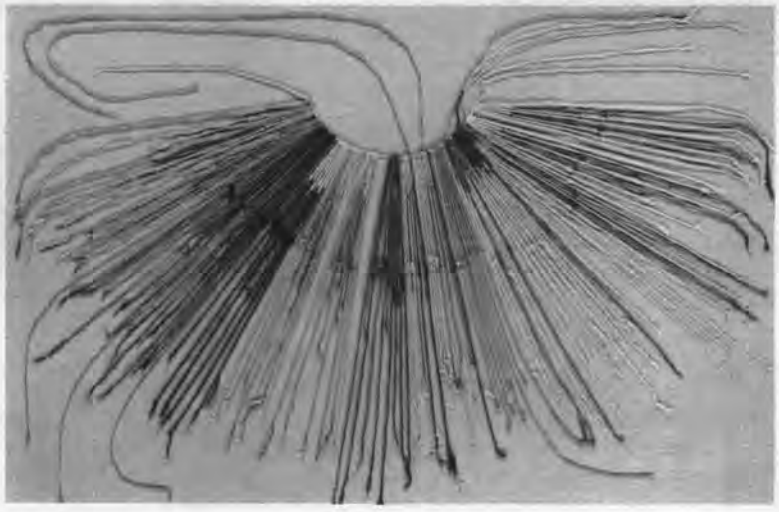
ries. These calculating devices include those of Leibnitz, Napier, and Babbage. The manufacturing process was slow, delivery was always late, service and spare parts were nonexistent, and, because each machine was unique, there was no interchangeability of parts. Some may see a resemblance to the "calculating" industry today!

Perhaps the earliest example of true memory, a form of which is still in use, is the *quipu* of the Incas, who recorded numerical data and events by knotting connected cords in a highly standardized fashion. Although a specialist had to be employed to do the knotting and to read the knots, this skill could be imparted to another specialist, called a "quipumayoc" in a year's training. The materials required to build a quipu were readily found in nature, inexpensive, and durable. With this device the data were stored in a nonvolatile medium; that is, they required no external power source and could be stored or shipped without worry of damage or loss of data. Perhaps the most significant advantage of the quipu, and a model for us today, was the uniformity of its design and use.

For most of us, applications involving computer memory are part of daily life, whether it be electronic banking machines or the sophisticated cash registers now seen in many grocery stores. These achievements are made possible by the vast technological advances of the last thirty years. Some of the advantages of today's computer memory are tremendous increases in the amount of information that can be stored, the speed with which the information can be retrieved, improved reliability, decreases in power requirements, and a reduction in the cost per bit of stored information. (A bit is a digit of the binary number system in which all numbers are represented by combinations of 1's and 0's. Thus 1 is 1, 2 is 10, 3 is 11, 4 is 100, 5 is 101 . . . . A group of consecutive bits (usually 8) used to represent one typographic character is called a "byte.")

One of the earliest forms of modern memory device was the cathode-ray tube (CRT) memory developed in the late 1940s. Not to be confused with the CRT display screens we see on microcomputers, this kind of memory was composed of vacuum tubes, each electrically activated to store one bit of information. Because the time it took to read or write information was independent of the memory location, CRT memory was the first to be referred to as "random access memory" (RAM). Today's computers make use of a similar RAM memory.

Also in the 1950s a new kind of electromagnetic memory was being developed. This type, used in machines during the 1950s and 60s, has been called "magnetic core memory," "ferrite core memory," or simply "core



A quipu, ancient "memory" device used by the Incas of Peru. The Cleveland Museum of Art, Gift of John Wise, Ltd.

memory." Even today, some still refer to memory simply as "core."

Technically, a core is a small doughnut-shaped component made of a magnetic substance such as nickel-zinc ferrite. Rows of these connected by wires can, by an electrical current, be magnetized in a clockwise or a counter-clockwise direction, i.e., its polarity can be reversed. A core that is magnetized in a clockwise direction is "ON" and represents a binary 1; one magnetized in a counter-clockwise direction is "OFF" and represents a binary 0. Each unique pattern of 1's and 0's in a byte can then represent a letter, a number, or a special character.

Significant advances in both the manufacturing process and the performance of core memory was made during the two decades of the 1950s and 1960s. In the mid-50s production techniques were developed that reduced the time for threading cores into a matrix from 25 hours to 12 minutes. By the end of this period, the industry had manufactured machines that could process data twelve times faster than in 1949. Similarly, storage capacity had increased by a factor of twelve even though core sizes were physically smaller. Later core memory used only 1/800 as much electrical power as the first core memory.

The use of memory made of metal cores was discontinued in the late 1960s because of new developments in magnetic thin film and semiconductors. During this period, digital computers were making a transition from vacuum tubes to solid-state circuits.

Magnetic thin film memory is an expansion of the technology used in core memory. Instead of individual cores, very thin strips of magnetic material are placed over an insulating substance such as glass. A matrix of invisible magnetic spots on the film can be polarized to represent 1's and 0's by applying an electrical current to them through wires embedded in the film. Although thin-film memory was six times faster than the fastest ferrite core memory, the use of it was short-lived, and by 1969 computers were being built with the more advanced semiconductor memory.

Today, semiconductor memory is the most common type used in computers. A semiconductor is a material, usually silicon, that is resistant to the flow of electricity at low temperatures. Conductivity is improved, however, by minute additions of heat, light, or voltage. Chips made of this semiconductor material form an integrated circuit containing capacitors interconnected by very thin layers of metal acting as wires. When an electric current is properly applied, the capacitor on the chip absorbs and holds static electricity, thus producing an ON condition. Thousands of capacitors, each representing one bit, or piece of information, can be arrayed on one chip approximately one-quarter inch square, which can now store up to 65,536 bits (64K: K is not a thousand but 2^{10} or 1024). Although not yet in production, chips now exist that can store 256K and even 1000K (1 meg) of data.

The future direction of semiconductor technology will be to produce chips with smaller dimensions and lower voltage requirements. With these chips, even more information could be stored in a smaller area, and less power will be required, leading to computers of smaller size and greater efficiency.

The most recent developments in memory technology have occurred in magnetic bubble and optical memory. Bubble memory consists of microscopic, magnetized areas, called "bubbles," that appear in the thin coatings of certain magnetic materials, such as garnet. The bubbles have a different magnetic character from the surrounding material and have a positive polarity. When the magnetic field is increased beyond a critical level, the bubbles lose their polarity and, by becoming magnetically similar to the surrounding area, seem to disappear. When the magnetic intensity is reduced, the bubbles reappear. This positive or negative condition produces ON or OFF bits, respectively. Bubble memory is capable of storing very large amounts of data, perhaps as much as 10 million bits per square inch. Although bubble memory is more efficient than semiconductor memory, the cost per bit is higher because they cost more to manufacture.

Optical memory, although still in the development stage, offers distinct advantages in increased density, lower power requirements, and the absence of mechanical complexity due to the elimination of wiring and moving parts.

In optical memory, a laser beam, when passed through a switch, can be regulated to be more or less intense. If a "write" command is received from the central processing

unit, the switch intensifies the laser beam. With a "read" command, the beam is less intense. To record data in a given location in the memory, the more intense beam, encoded with digital signals, is able to pass through a prism and focus on a detector where it produces dark and light *spots* representing binary 1 and 0, respectively. For reading data, the less intense beam, deflected by the prism, follows a different path and approaches the location from a different angle. The angle is such that the resulting reflected light transmits the pattern of dark and light spots to the photosensors which translate the pattern back into digital signals. Computer engineers believe that optical memory has the potential of storing 100 million bits of information (more than a million words, the equivalent of six long novels) per square inch. Compact disc recording machines are an application of this sort of memory; each disc stores millions of bits of information constituting the "memory" of all the vibrations produced by the musical performance; the compact disc then retrieves the information and turns it back into music.

Despite these advances, semiconductors are expected to continue to dominate memory technology in the foreseeable future, because they provide more reliable performance and lower cost than any magnetic bubble or optical device currently available.

All of these forms of modern computer memory are very fragile and must not be exposed to extremes of temperature. (Note that temperature and humidity are regulated in machine rooms and that smoking is forbidden.) In these respects, computer memory is much like that of politicians in the old days of whistle-stop campaigns. It was not uncommon for the delicate memory of a politician to be slightly jarred between stops resulting in either a temporary loss of data or the appearance that he really knew much more than he did. This latter phenomenon might be the first appearance of what was to become known as "virtual" memory; that is, a technique of shifting data from external sources, such as disks, to core memory in such a way as to "trick the computer system or program into believing that there are more resources available than there actually are."[1]

Memory chip in eye of a needle.

As individuals, we benefit from many items and services now available through advances in data processing. Scaled-down computer systems, with memories, are in today's ovens and automobiles working hard to regulate temperature. Weather reports are more accurate, clearer, and more colorful to the television audience. Home computers are used to pacify our children and, occasionally, to educate them. Software is on the market to assist us with our taxes, our checkbooks, and our diets.

Computer memory also provides a handy scapegoat for clerks, who, when errors occur, can now pass the buck to a machine, and consequently lead much happier lives. Although some computers have synthetic vocal cords, few are programmed to offer excuses if a refrigerator is not delivered on the right day. These same clerks are equipped with an arsenal of data-processing tools to protect their firm and to probe everyone's life. They know at once when a charge limit is exceeded and can probably display several years of your credit history.

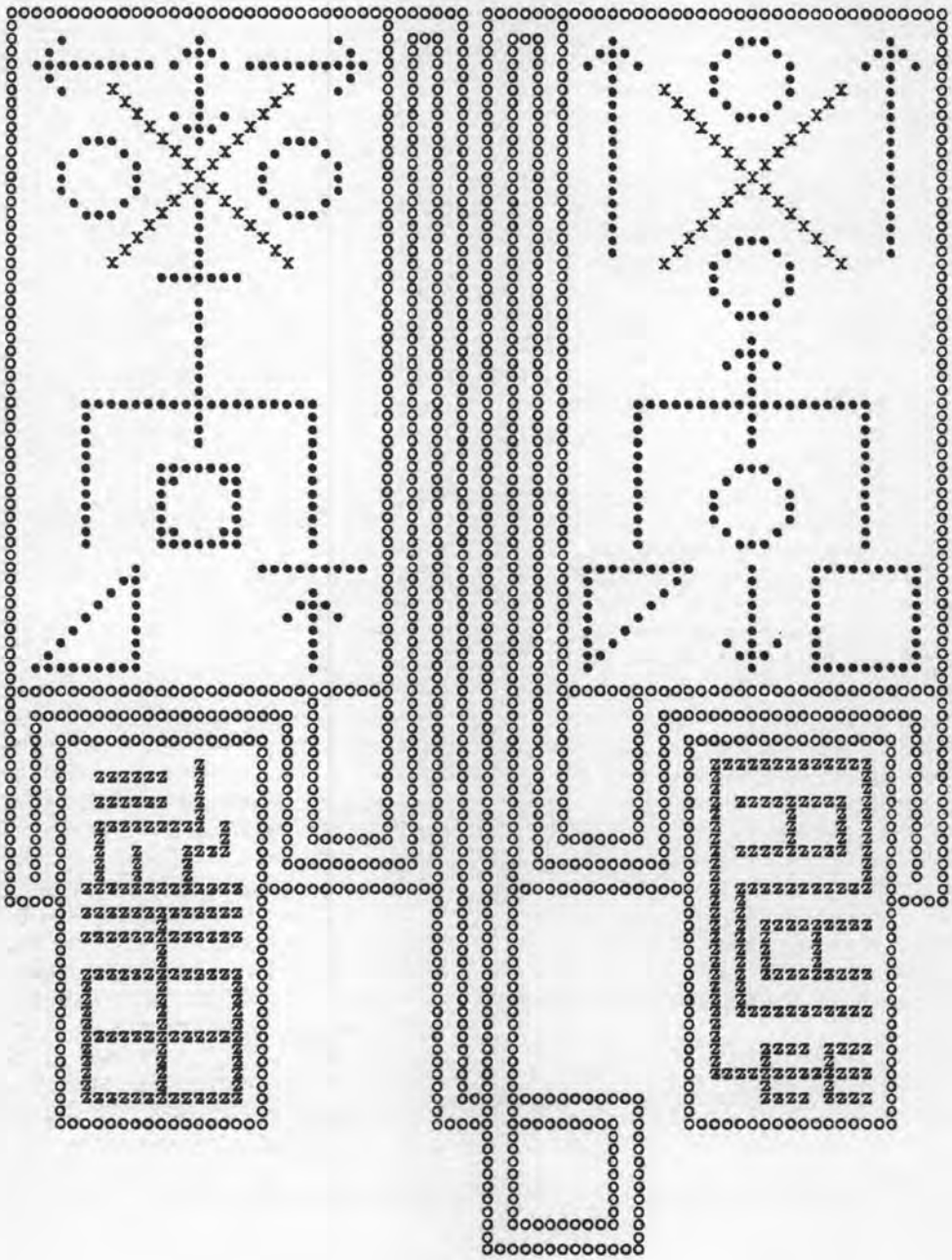
Although computers are now presented to the public as personal products, perhaps the biggest beneficiary of bigger and faster computer memories will still be the larger institutions and not the private individual.

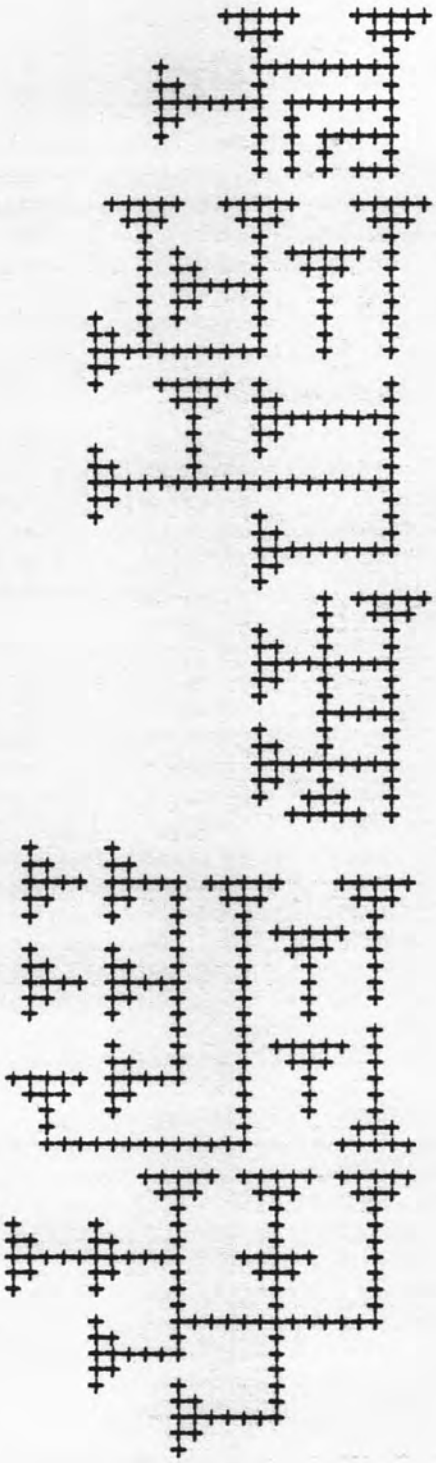
[1]Kent Porter, *New American Computer Dictionary* (New York: New American Library, 1983).

karl kempton

Two Concrete Poems

By popular demand, *The Gamut* brings back karl kempton, first-place winner of our 1983 Concrete Poetry Contest. Kempton continues to edit *Kaldron*, a periodical devoted to visual poetry, out of Halcyon, California. The two works here, composed, he insists, on a typewriter, not a computer, are untitled parts of a series called RUNES 6: FIGURES OF SPEECH, "based on ancient to post-post modernisms."





BACK MATTER

John Stark Bellamy II

In Praise of Gissing

What the world needs now — at least the defiantly literate part of it — is a George Gissing revival. I have waited half a decade for a Gissing cult to emerge and I now raise a *cri de coeur* lest it fail. It is true that several publishers, most notably Dover Books, have attempted a modest resurrection of his works. Dover has three Gissing titles in print and probably more scheduled; Norton has republished *The Odd Women*, and both Bantam and Penguin have competing editions of *New Grub Street*, Gissing's best-known novel. If you are willing to take the trouble, moreover, almost all of Gissing's novels are available from Harvester Books [England], and very expensive reprints of selected titles are available from American reprint houses. But a genuine Gissing cult has failed to emerge despite all such efforts; I therefore beg attention while I make a final claim for his literary virtues.

Neglect of Gissing is, to be sure, nothing new. With the exception of that rare species, the truly omnivorous reader, and a few feminists lured into reading *The Odd Women* by Gail Godwin's complementary title (*The Odd Woman*), I know few literate people — even English professors — who can claim much acquaintance with Gissing's works. Indeed, the last prominent rediscoverer of Gissing, George Orwell, found it impossible in 1948 to obtain copies of even the better-known Gissing titles. So it is hardly surprising, if no less lamentable, that Gissing's reputation continues to be a shadowy literary obscurity.

Quite simply, George Gissing was the most effective social novelist of late nineteenth-century England. It has been well said by someone that Gissing is the "missing link" between the confectionary "problem" novels of Charles Dickens and the more bitterly realistic social-verité fictions of George Orwell. Dickens, as any "Boz" enthusiast knows, sincerely bled for the plight of Victorian England's industrial poor. But it is also commonplace to observe that Dickens sentimentalized his underclass characters out of all recognition as human beings. The Cratchit family of *A Christmas Carol* is a typical Dickens caricature of the English urban poor: although lacking in many comforts or even necessities of bourgeois life, the Cratchits' family life and social outlook are rendered tolerable to them by a Christian spirit of tolerance and the carefree working-class good cheer with which they share even the simplest physical pleasures of life. Not in Dickens does the reader find the grim facts of alcoholism, child abuse, malnutrition, disease, and incest noted by social observers of the Victorian poor such as Charles Booth. And even when sorely pressed by fortune and the face-grinding rich, Dickens's protagonists can always count on some *deus ex machina* of a wealthy patron — some Victorian Daddy Warbucks like Scrooge, the Brothers Cheeryble or the legacy of the Golden Dustman — to give them economic and social security by novel's end.

It is not so, and bitterly not so in the novels of George Gissing. His characters usually come to some kind of social or personal grief, and their tribulations usually stem directly from the socio-economic order under which they live. In Dickens's view — as Orwell noted — the fault is not in the times but rather in the hearts of individual men. Change a heart, as in the notorious case of Scrooge, and all necessary blessings will flow. In Gissing's novels the fault is squarely located in the discontinuities of Victorian industrial capitalism. Gissing hated the imperatives of the exploitative bourgeois system of his times, and thus he saw to it that his fictional characters suffered their fates in accordance to the impersonal workings of a society which he despised.

Thus we have his feminist novel, *The Odd Women*, breathtakingly modern in its unsexist approach to the problem of women rendered superfluous by the effects of the Industrial Revolution in late nineteeth-century England. Its female characters may turn to drink, do-gooding, adultery or even a kind of feminist Fabianism, but the hopelessness of the problems they face precludes any successful resolution of their personal crises. Thus we have *New Grub Street*, whose parallel plottings feature a conscientiously artistic writer's decline ironically balanced against the commercial success of a cynical swill-writer whose slick literary productions perfectly suit a de-

based public taste. The critical key to Gissing's indictment here is that the swill-writer is not — as he would be in Dickens — an *evil* man — he is simply responding to social and economic pressures over which he has no control. Thus we have *Demos,* in which the socialism seen by some as the solution to Victorian England's problems is depicted by Gissing as but a perverted mirror version of its supposed antithesis, a flatulent creed promoted by cranks and opportunists. *In the Year of Jubilee* is a novel which successfully confronts the hypocrisies of Victorian marriage without offering any hope or substitute of a better mode of conjugal relations.

If Gissing were only a vivid "problem" novelist, however, he might only bear recommendation as a kind of Dickens-with-unhappy-endings. Fortunately, Gissing was both a social egalitarian *and* an intellectual elitist, and the product of this tension was a loving hatred and sympathetic contempt that set the tone for his novels of the London poor. Unlike some Victorian novelist slummers, Gissing knew the London poor of the 1880s first-hand, and he cherished no millennial illusions about their lives or potential perfectibility. Although he loathed the social order which allowed such degradation, the inescapable moral of his passionate fictions was that the poor were intellectually and morally ruined by the circumstances of their lives. One might well cultivate superior intellectual and social codes on an individual basis — but it was not realistic, Gissing felt, to expect a degraded proletariat to rise above the degradation and cruelty of its social conditions.

One does not have to share Gissing's pessimistic view of the Victorian poor, of course, to enjoy and be continually provoked and touched by his moving treatments of innocent lives ruined by the social order. The reader might also be touched by a *précis* of the ruined life of the sad man who wrote such books. The son of middle-class Yorkshire parents, Gissing capped a career as a child prodigy by winning a scholarship to the University of London. While in studies there, he became emotionally enthralled by an alcoholic prostitute, Marianne Harrison, and he began to steal money from his fellow-students to support her various habits. He was soon caught, disgraced, and spent a year in prison. After a "ticket of leave" stint of near-starvation and humiliation in the United States, he returned to England. For the next quarter of a century he lived in largely shabby neighborhoods, harried by want, and tormented by self-chosen shrewish women (his second wife was adjudged insane); he struggled to produce the books that yet cry out for their just literary due.

Let the reader be warned, however, before cracking a Gissing novel. This is not merely Dickens with all of the goo squeezed out. Like his literary champion, George Orwell, Gissing had a strong element of sadism — both literary and personal — in his character. Consider the following scene of Victorian child abuse by a 16-year-old slattern in the first chapter of *The Nether World:*

> "Ah!" exclaimed Miss Peckover (who was affectionately known to her intimates as "Clem"), as she watched Jane stagger back from the blow, and hide her face in silent endurance of pain. "That's just a morsel to stay your appetite, my lady! You didn't expect me back 'ome at this time, did you? You thought as you was goin' to have the kitchen to yourself when mother went. Ha ha! Ho ho! — These sausages is done; now you clean that fryin'-pan; and if I can find a speck of dirt in it as big as 'arlf a farden, I'll take you by the 'air of the 'ed an' clean it with your face, *that's* what I'll do! Understand? Oh, I mean what I say, my lady! Me an' you's a-goin' to spend a evenin' together, there's no two ways about that. Ho ho! he he!

Gissing lived in the slums of Victorian London and, as the above passage indicates, lacked any illusion that healthy character formation was possible under such conditions. His middle-class characters, more often than not, are persons with emotional lives debased by the mere struggle for economic and social existence. His underclass characters — "The Nether World" — are ever in danger — as in the above selection — of losing all claims to manhood, femininity, or childhood innocence: the three building blocks of Victorian middle-class morality.

While possibly not for everyone, Gissing's books are indispensable for any reader seeking the lost literary flavor of the Victorian Age. While his books are not informed by the superior craft and gigantic imagination of Dickens, their verisimilitude and bitter irony form an acquired taste that will linger long. Join the Gissing revival and give the lie to Dorothy Parker's doggerel:

> When I admit neglect of Gissing.
> They say I don't know what I'm missing.
> Until their arguments are subtler,
> I think I'll stick to Samuel Butler.

John Bellamy lives in Cleveland Heights.

Hester Lewellen

On a Murder Jury

In the last issue of The Gamut, *Kenneth A. Torgerson discussed the jury system from a trial lawyer's point of view. Here one of our readers reports on her recent experience as a juror.*

"I am commanded to summon you to appear at the Jury Commission, Court of Common Pleas, 4th Floor, the Courts Tower, 1200 Ontario Street, to be holden at the Justice Center within and for the said County on August 27, 1984 at 8:00 A.M., to serve as a Petit Juror. Gerald T. McFaul, Sheriff. Bring this summons with you."

I am a schoolteacher. Jury duty takes two weeks. That would take me up to September 7. I called my school.

"Faculty meetings start September 4th, school starts September 6th, you've just got to tell them you can't do it," said the school secretary.

This was my third notice, and unlike the others, it had no space on it to give an excuse for why you couldn't serve. Indeed, this notice came accompanied by a bright-gold colored piece of paper that contained veiled threats should I fail to show up. Mrs. Farr at the Jury Commission listened to my story and said I could write a letter explaining my problem and giving them two weeks sometime later when I could serve. It began to seem preferable to give up two days of school now rather than ten days at some later date. Meanwhile back at my school the Head told me she certainly thought the school had an obligation to support the judicial system. It looked as if I was actually going to be a juror.

My mother had been a juror; she said, "Take your knitting!" My best friend from school had been a juror; she said, "Take a book!" I said, "I'll take my knitting and a book." My friend said, "Take *five* things to do. You'll be so bored sitting around waiting."

On Monday morning, August 27, 1984, I left my house in Cleveland Heights at 7:10 a.m. in the car, headed for the Justice Center. I brought with me a big plastic bag containing my knitting, a murder mystery, and my lunch. Traffic flowed smoothly. I clocked into the Huntington Parking Garage at 7:29.

I followed the underground passageways to the Justice Center and went up in the elevator with ten other potential jurors. When I found the right door — County, not City, Jury Commission — I was identified ("You are a teacher? And your husband is a professor?"), given a red-white-and-blue button that said, "JUROR" and a yellow pamphlet that explained judicial procedures and jargon, and sent into a large room, part of which was set up in conference style facing a podium and a large TV screen. We were told to sit there for orientation.

Mrs. Stanton, an attractive white-haired lady, introduced herself as the Jury Bailiff. She pointed out the no-smoking area, the food and drink machines, the direction of the cafeteria. Judge Guzzo came in to give us some brief welcoming remarks. He had the smile of a politician. When Mrs. Stanton wasn't busy, I asked about getting off early (on September 6 and 7). She said, "Ask me next week." Somebody else had a doctor's appointment Friday. Mrs. Stanton said, "Remind me Thursday."

I went back and sat down with my knitting. The lady behind me had a huge afghan she was crocheting. The lady on my right hadn't thought to bring a project. She normally worked in a factory; the factory was paying her for these two weeks, but deducting the ten dollars a day she (and we all) would be paid for jury duty. On my left was an older black woman who said she was a homemaker and "not really interested" in being a juror; who should she talk to? I pointed out Mrs. Stanton, but I thought to myself, "Not wanting to do it isn't a good enough excuse." Nevertheless, I never saw her again.

By now it was about 8:30 and the second-week jurors started to file in. They were signing in on register sheets lying on the counters. We were shown where to sign in and allowed to wander about for a few minutes to become familiar with the territory. Then we were shown a twenty-minute film, "And Justice for All," made at Wayne State University as an introduction to the jury process. The "plot" involved a second-time juror, an older woman, explaining to the new jurors what they would be going through; there were "flashbacks" to her earlier experience. As a teacher, I would give it high marks for effectively illustrating the situations we would soon find ourselves in. I'm not sure many people read the little yellow pamphlet, but I think almost everybody watched the movie.

At a little after nine, Judge Stephanie Tubbs Jones came in to give us our official welcome on behalf of the 33 judges of the Court of Common Pleas. She told us most cases were civil, not criminal. The Judge is the judge of the law, but the juror is the judge of the facts. Jurors may not do any personal investigation, such as visiting the scene of the crime, nor take notes during the trial. No testimony can be repeated, but questions of law can be explained. Even though witnesses swear to tell the truth, you should use your everyday skills or common sense to judge for yourself whether they're telling the truth or not. An indictment is a first challenge; it is not evidence. The "*voir dire*" process is meant to insure a fair and impartial jury; don't feel bad if you are excused at that time. You should not discuss a case with your family, friends, or with other jurors until it is over. In conclusion, sit as the kind of juror you would like to have if you were involved in litigation.

At 9:40 we were told our names had been placed in the computer, and we would be chosen at random and called. I took out my knitting. At 9:49 my name was called.

I was number seven of twenty-two potential jurors. We were sent up to the seventeenth floor to Judge Norman Fuerst's courtroom. As we got off the elevator, we could see beautiful panoramic views of the river, the lakefront, the stadium, the airport. There were cars, trains, and boats in motion.

We were ushered right into the courtroom, which was not a huge room. The wall was decorated with vertical pieces of brown wood interspersed with black background, and the lighting was quite dim. The initial effect was somewhat dizzying — this was mentioned by the prosecutor. Jurors number 1-12 were seated in the jury box; the others were seated in the back of the courtroom.

The judge told us this was a criminal case, and he introduced the people in the court. The bailiff, John Gallagher. The court reporter, a young girl with beautiful long dark hair. The prosecutor, Mr. John Hudson. His assistant, Mr. Edward Lonjak. Also at their table, Detective Qualey. The defense attorney, Mr. Stanley Tolliver. His assistant, Mr. Lindsay Jerry. The defendant, Keturah Hughes. The state contended that the defendant was guilty of aggravated murder in the death of one James Lee, who was shot in front of 1905 Decker Ave. on February 22, 1984, and who died two days later. Her plea: not guilty.

Keturah Hughes sits quietly in a turquoise and white dress. She is wearing glasses. She doesn't look at us. It's almost as if she is in a trance. Once in a great while she seems to pass a few words with Mr. Jerry, a young black man with glasses and moustache.

The *voir dire* began. The questions the judge asked were: What do you do for a living? How long have you done it? What is your spouse's occupation? Have you ever served on a jury before? If so, what kind of case was it? Have you ever been the victim of a crime? If so, what is your opinion of the police work?

The judge, like the bailiffs and later the prosecutor and attorney, was very kind and encouraging to his eager and anxious jury.

After the judge had gone through all twelve of us in the jury box, the prosecutor, Mr. Hudson, took over. He was in his fifties, medium height, dark hair, overweight. He was wearing a dark suit and white button-down shirt with one button unbuttoned. His style was friendly, but serious.

I said I had been a teacher for 17 years; he asked had I been at Laurel School for 17 years. No, only 9. I was a math teacher? Yes. What grades did I teach? 9-12. And your husband is a professor? Yes. Where? Cleveland State. What does he teach? Medieval English — Chaucer. (Mr. Hudson allowed he didn't know very much about Beowulf or Chaucer.) You haven't served on a jury before? No. You haven't been the victim of a crime? (This was the second time I had been asked that question.) I said, "No," and turned around to knock wood.

Next the defense attorney, Mr. Tolliver, took over. Tolliver has a "down-home" style; he quotes his grandfather or grandmother at the drop of a hat. He was wearing a plaid polyester suit with wide lapels. His hairline was receding.

He also questioned all twelve of us. He asked me, "What was it your husband teaches, ancient . . . " I said, "Medieval . . . " He said, "History?" I said, "English." He said, "Oh, I thought Mr. Hudson was an expert on ancient history, being so old." There followed some banter between Hudson and Tolliver on the subject of each other's ages which ended with both claiming pride in being grandfathers.

Mr. Tolliver informed us that the burden of proof was on the prosecution, that he didn't have to call any witnesses at all. He said the prosecution must prove every part of the indictment or they would have failed; it's like baking a cake — if all the ingredients aren't there (he mentioned flour, sugar, and water, then gave up), the cake isn't baked. He said he didn't want any "fist-minded" (closed-minded) jurors.

Mr. Hudson spoke of the difference between "reasonable doubt" and "possible doubt"; it would be possible for us to have 30 inches of snow tomorrow, this being Cleveland, but it would not be reasonable for us to think this would happen.

Both men wanted us to affirm that we could uphold the charge put to us, to listen carefully, be sympathetic but let reason determine the verdict, to listen to the other jurors, to stand up for a position even if we were the only one to have it (as Mr. Tolliver put it, "Let the chips fall where they may, and do your own thing"). Otherwise we should excuse ourselves from the jury. No one excused himself or herself.

Ultimately, after a one-hour break for lunch, each of them excused two members of the jury who were then replaced by jurors waiting in the back of the courtroom. Each of the new four had to undergo the *voir dire*. Then two alternates were chosen and questioned. Finally the remaining four in the back of the room were dismissed. We fourteen were sworn in.

We wondered why the four jurors had been excused. There had been a middle-aged black woman excused by the prosecution (afraid she'd identify with the defendant?), a mid-fifties silver-haired white man who worked for LTV excused by the defense (afraid of WASP "fist-mindedness"?), a white female vocational guidance teacher excused by prosecution (too sympathetic to underprivileged?), and a middle-aged Hispanic woman with a strong accent who said, without being asked, that she could never say "not guilty" on the basis of a technicality, excused by the defense. The excusing of jurors is "peremptory," and so reasons do not have to be given.

Of the remaining twelve, there were four white males, six white females, and two black females. Our ages ranged from early twenties to late sixties, I think. Two of the men were unemployed. One of the women was a retired librarian. Everyone else had a job. There was a sanitarian, a diecast operator, a hospital nurse, a geriatric nurse, a stewardess, a kindergarten teacher, a social worker, a manager of a home for retarded adults, and me, a math teacher. The two alternates were also white females, but I don't remember their occupations.

Mr. Lonjak, a young man with a blond moustache, gave the prosecution's opening statement, which was their scenario of the murder. It went like this. On February 22, between 7 and 7:30 p.m., Mrs. Hughes's upstairs neighbor hears "a noise like firecrackers." She runs to the window and sees Mr. Lee across the street, Mrs. Hughes in front of the house. Mr. Lee is staggering. Mrs. Hughes has something in her hand. The neighbor goes out on the second-floor porch to get a better look. Now Hughes and Lee are struggling on the hood of a parked

car, and the neighbor sees Lee take something from Mrs. Hughes. Mrs. Hughes swears at Mr. Lee and comes back in the house. Mr. Lee gets in his van and drives away. He goes to his home at 94th and Kinsman. He shows his wound, a small hole in his left waist area, to his landlady and her daughter-in-law. The daughter-in-law prepares to drive him to the hospital. He gets a gun out of his van and gives it to her. She unloads its, and puts the gun in her apartment on the second floor. Her mother-in-law takes the four bullets and two spent cartridges, wraps them in a green paper towel, and puts them on her refrigerator in the first floor apartment. Lee then changes his mind, takes back the gun and bullets, goes up to his third floor apartment. He is heard to run water. He then goes down the stairs and drives away in his van.

At 9:50 p.m. James Lee is admitted to St. Luke's Hospital. The hospital calls the police because of the gunshot wound. A zone car is dispatched to the hospital. Patrolman Robert Hill and his partner go to the hospital to interview the victim. Hill is surprised to see Lee, whom he knows. They have a conversation; Hill goes to Keturah Hughes's house and arrests her for felonious assault. James Lee has emergency surgery to remove his left kidney, spleen, and part of his pancreas. Two days later at 3:10 p.m. on Friday, February 24, 1984, James Lee dies, and the charge is changed to aggravated murder.

Mr. Tolliver presented his opening statement next. In this version, Keturah Hughes and James Lee were living together. They shared the use of a '78 Ford LTD. Lee came to get the key at 5 p.m. on February 22. He left his van and drove away. She went to sleep. She never saw him again. Keturah Hughes and the upstairs neighbor were rivals for James Lee's attention. Keturah Hughes and James Lee had had a fight on Sunday, but it was all patched up. Keturah Hughes is a 56-year old widow who lives with her daughter and granddaughter. She has worked for the Board of Education for 30 years. She gets up at 5 a.m. She has no police record.

It was now 2:15 and court recessed till 3:00 to wait for the first witness, the coroner, Dr. Challener. During some recesses we were allowed to return to the 4th floor for coffee. Other times we were held in the jury deliberation room which at least had bathrooms. Each time we were reminded not to discuss the trial. There was some of the excitement of summer camp in all this. For many jurors, finding the Justice Center, or even figuring out how to find their way downtown, had been a real adventure. One of our jurors, Pat, had brought an astrology magazine, and we amused ourselves by reading our horoscopes for the week.

Dr. Challener, a tall balding man with glasses, took the stand shortly after three. He performed the autopsy on James Lee on Saturday, February 25. Lee was 56 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighed 210 pounds. He was very muscular. The witness verified the surgery performed on James Lee. The bullet had perforated the colon and spread fecal matter throughout the peritoneal cavity, contaminating the organs. However, no major blood vessel was involved so there was relatively little bleeding, and the victim could easily have walked around and remained lucid in the period between when he was shot and when he was operated on.

After the operation Lee was given various drugs to control bleeding, but by the time he died he was "bleeding from every hole in his body." X-rays taken at St. Luke's on February 22 showed the bullet in Lee's body, but Dr. Challener found no bullet during the autopsy. He asked St. Luke's to check the tissues removed from Lee during surgery. No bullet. Dr. Challener concluded the bullet passed with a stool. Photographs were introduced showing Lee's face, his left forearm with a large bruise caused by blunt object, and the bullet wound, a small dark pink ring about the size of a dime. (No *bullet*? What will the defense do with this?)

Throughout the coroner's testimony I found myself becoming slightly queasy. The reduction of a human being to a greasy bucket of organs is very disturbing. I looked at the defendant. There was no outward sign that she was even listening. We recessed for the day at 3:45 p.m. We were reminded not to discuss the case with anyone. I drove to Kent, where I am taking courses toward a Ph.D., for my first class of the semester. I was half an hour late.

Court reconvened at 9 a.m. August 28. The first witness, Linda Luke from the coroner's office, had examined Lee's clothing on February 25, but that was too late for trace evidence. There were no powder burns, however, indicating that the victim was shot from a distance of 3 feet or more. Tolliver tried to make something of the discrepancy between "3 feet or more" and "more than 3 feet."

The second witness was Patrolman (now Detective) Robert Hill. He and his partner (now laid off) were in the zone car sent to St. Luke's to investigate a gunshot wound victim. Hill said he recognized Lee, who was conscious and talking to doctors. Hill was the first person in the court to refer to Lee as "Jimmy."

Now here is a point of law with which we were unfamiliar: a witness is not supposed to report any words spoken by a person who is not able to be in court to be cross-examined. For example, Jimmy Lee. Since Jimmy Lee was dead, we were not supposed to be told any words he had spoken.

Hudson asks Lee, "Did you have a conversation with Jimmy Lee?" "Objection" from Mr. Tolliver. "Overruled" from the judge. Hudson asks Lee, "Did you ask Jimmy Lee anything?" Hill: "Yes, I did." "Objection." "Overruled." Hudson: "What did you ask Lee?" Hill: "I asked did he know who shot him." "Objection, your honor." "Overruled." Hudson: "And did Jimmy Lee answer that question?" Hill: "He said, 'Keturah Hughes.'" "Objection!" "Sustained. Jury will disregard that last answer. Witness is reminded to answer the question, not volunteer information."

At any rate Hill and partner then go immediately to Keturah Hughes's house at 7905 Decker Ave. They hear music from inside. They knock on the door. Music stops, but no one comes to the door. They knock at the door to upstairs. Girl from upstairs comes down. She "calls" to Keturah Hughes to come out because the police are there. (I thought she meant "hollered," but other jurors thought "telephoned.")

Keturah Hughes comes to door in tan-colored nightgown tucked into jeans. Hill asks, "Do you know why we're here?" Hughes: "No." Hill: "We're here about the shooting of Jimmy Lee." Hughes: "Who cares what happened to that faggot." Hill reads her her rights, asks if they can look for the weapon. Hughes says they can come in and look. Hill and his partner, at some point joined by two other officers, search for the gun but do not find it. Mrs. Hughes is then allowed to change her clothes to go to the police station, where she is booked and fingerprinted on the felonious assault charge.

On cross-examination Tolliver establishes there are four hospitals closer to Keturah Hughes's house than St. Luke's. So why should he go to St. Luke's? On recross Hudson asks what hospital is closest to Jimmy Lee's residence at 94th and Kinsman. Hill says St. Luke's. No further questions. Hill also manages to mention that although Hughes has no criminal record, she was arrested for assault once before and the charges were dropped.

The next witness is the 19-year-old neighbor who lived upstairs with her sister, brother-in-law, and her sister's three children. Her testimony mirrors the prosecution's opening statement with these additional details: her brother-in-law also heard the noise and "he said it sounded like . . . " "Objection." "Sustained. The brother-in-law is not in court." She also says the night was cold and clear, and the street light, located right above the parked car where she saw the struggle, was on. After the fight Hughes called Lee an "M-F" as she went back toward the house. ("M-F" was the euphemism used by the lawyers and witnesses.) She had lived in the house for two years and knew both Hughes and Lee. She testifies that they drank a lot and fought loudly. She says Hughes spoke to her of a gun, but she never saw one. Tolliver keeps up a barrage of objections, finally prompting the judge to say, "Stop harassing the witness."

The girl is very nervous and fidgety; she acts as if she could be lying. Tolliver tries to get her to say she'd been in Hughes's house alone with Lee, that Hughes had kicked her out. She denies it. Hudson asks her how old was Lee? She doesn't know. Did she and Lee "have de-

signs on each other?" "No." "Did he bring flowers to Hughes?" "All the time." (Lee delivered flowers for Orban's Flowers.) "Did he bring flowers to you?" "No."

The next witness is Lee's landlady, a black woman probably in her 50's. By contrast this lady is extremely believable. She has been married for 33 years, has worked at Bobbie Brooks for 32 years. Apparently Lee came to her door to talk to her husband, Leon, who was asleep. Her testimony corroborates the prosecution's opening statement, and she identifies a photo taken in Lee's apartment February 25 as showing the gun and the green paper towel. When asked if she knows the defendant, we are surprised to hear she's known her for 32 years. They worked together at Bobbie Brooks from 1952 to 1958. When Lee moved into her third floor four years ago, she introduced Hughes to Lee. Her testimony becomes very stilted when she is not allowed to tell Lee's half of their conversation.

The landlady's daughter-in-law also testifies. She bites her lower lip a lot, but is also very believable. She is white, in her mid-thirties, bosomy, built strong. She and the landlady's son live on the second floor of the house at 94th and Kinsman with their three-year-old child. She says Lee took her into the dining room of the landlady's house and showed her the bullet wound. She is not allowed to report anything Lee said to her. Otherwise her testimony matches the prosecution's opening statement.

The judge doesn't seem to pay much attention during the testimony. Maybe he has already read statements of the witness. He and his bailiff seem to be conducting business in whispered conversations even while witnesses are on the stand. When asked for a ruling, he asks the court reporter to read back sections of the testimony, then decides.

Murder-mystery questions keep popping into my head. Why didn't the neighbor's brother-in-law testify? Did the landlady's husband, Leon, really sleep through this? What time did the sun set on February 22? Is everybody sure the street light was actually on? Was it a clear night? How *many* firecracker noises did the upstairs neighbor hear? Did any other neighbors hear anything?

You'd think clarifying some of these questions would have been to the advantage of one side or the other. For example, there were two spent cartridges in the gun. If the upstairs neighbor heard two sounds, shouldn't the prosecution have brought that out? If she wasn't sure how many sounds she heard, wouldn't that be to the advantage of the defense? Both Tolliver and Hudson seem naive, but I'm beginning to suspect their styles are carefully constructed. Tolliver's objections, for example, often seem frivolous, but they serve the function of interrupting a train of thought.

The next witness is a surprise to us. Ronnetta Lee, the victim's daughter, takes the stand. She is tall, thin, about 24, wearing a navy jacket. She says she's lived in Cleveland about five and a half years. She works for a bank downtown. When asked for her father's residence, she gives both the Decker Ave. and the E. 94th St. addresses. On February 19 he helped her fix her car. That was the last time she saw him. She didn't know he'd been shot till someone called to tell her they'd read in the paper he was dead. She went with the police up to his apartment where they found the gun and the green paper towel containing the bullets and spent cartridges under the cushion of a green couch. She tries not to cry, and she keeps apologizing. No one had told her her father was in the hospital. Hudson: "The hospital didn't call?" "No." "And the police didn't call?" "No, they didn't." "And Mrs. Hughes didn't call?" "*Especially* not *her*." (Bitter and explosive.)

Keturah Hughes is wearing a black-and-white houndstooth dress and jacket. She continues to appear unmoved by the proceedings.

Detective Pollutro of Ballistics takes the stand to talk about the gun. It is a 22-caliber revolver. Single-action firing, with the gun cocked, normally takes 4-6 lbs. pressure. Double-action firing normally takes 10-12 lbs. This gun took 4 ½ to 5 lbs. single action, and 17 lbs. double action.

I am surprised the defense doesn't try to make something of the fact that with no bullet in the body, we can't be sure this is the right gun. The prosecution admits they have "lost or mislaid" the bullets. Again the defense makes no move.

Detective Harvey Beavers of the Homicide Department takes the stand. He is a fortyish black man, good looking. The Lee case was turned over to him when Lee died on February 24. He went to interview Mrs. Hughes, who by now had been moved downtown. He read her her rights, then asked if she wished to make a statement. She said, "I did something I didn't intend to do. I did not intend to kill Jimmy." She also said she didn't remember being outside that day.

Tolliver points out that she never said she *shot* someone. Right. She denied she'd been outside. Right. "Didn't that set up a conflict in your mind?" Beavers: "Yes." "Had you seen Hill's report that Mrs. Hughes said she was asleep at the time of the shooting?" "No." Tolliver is dressed in a dark green shirt and suit.

Two things come out of this: the lack of communication between Homicide and the original officers who talked to Hughes (of this more later) and Tolliver's ability to sneak in a reminder of Hughes's position.

We recess at three. Reconvene the next morning at eleven.

Keturah Hughes is in a seagreen dress and white jacket. Hudson is in a beige cotton suit. Tolliver is in a maroon shirt and matching polyester suit.

Nancy Williams appears with the St. Luke's records. She says Lee was admitted to St. Luke's at 21:50 p.m. Tolliver asks what is that in layman's terms. She doesn't know. Tolliver asks, "Is that ten to ten?" She says she really doesn't know.

Detective Jon Qualey takes the stand. Fortyish, blond, with moustache and glasses. He is also a homicide detective. On February 25 he and his partner met Ronnetta Lee at her father's residence at 94th and Kinsman. He searched for the gun and found it in the couch, along with the green paper towel containing the bullets and spent cartridges. They have photos of the gun in the couch. He says he ordered photos of the Decker Ave. residence then, but they were never made. They have black-and-white photos of the 94th St. residence dating from late February, showing the bare trees, snow on ground. The color pictures of the Decker Ave. residence weren't taken till May, on a bright spring morning, with leaves on the trees. The defense questions this slip-up, makes much of the leaves or absence thereof since they would have affected the upstairs neighbor's view. (Quibbling over leaves that were obviously not there in February seemed an absurd, almost embarrassing, waste of time.) We adjourn for lunch from 11:40 to 1:00.

The defense calls its first witness: Keturah Hughes. Our eyebrows go up. She begins to cry almost immediately. I can't help but feel sorry for this woman, whether or not she brought this trouble on herself. She moved to Cleveland in 1951 and went to work for Bobbie Brooks. She would have been 24. Moved up from Florida. She was married at the time. Later divorced and married Moses Hughes who died in 1977 (when she moved to Decker Ave.). She worked at Bobbie Brooks till 1958 when she went back down to Florida to nurse her mother who died soon after. When she came back to Cleveland she got a job with the Board of Education where she's worked in various capacities since, satellite cook in schools, bus driver, and since her mastectomy two years ago, as a bus monitor, helping handicapped youngsters on and off the buses. She and Hughes had one daughter, now 18, who is married and has a child.

She met Jimmy Lee four years ago. He had worked for Orban Florists, the last three and a half years. He drove the van. She used his Ford LTD to get to and from work. She gets up at 5 a.m., gets to work by 6:30. She gets home by 4 unless there is a bus breakdown. She goes home, cooks dinner, is in bed by 7:30 to watch the lottery.

On the 22nd of February (she says) Jimmy came by for the key to the Ford. This is the only time she looks directly at us — she's groping for the name of the kind of security lock

that connects the steering wheel to the emergency brake ("shepherd's crook"?), but she can't come up with it. She says he used to use the car to run errands, not the (Orban's) van. She told him the key was on the dresser. That was 5 p.m. He drove off in the Ford, leaving the van. She didn't see him again.

She claims they were a loving couple. They did not fight loudly. She has not had a drink since her mastectomy two years ago. She has never owned a gun. She has had to ask the girl from upstairs to leave her home: found her there in the kitchen in a housecoat. Thinks that girl a bad influence on her daughter (they are about the same age). Tells how she and her sister bought a Pontiac for $200 in order to get new plates for the Ford for Jimmy. (Isn't this illegal?)

Hughes has a strong accent, not familiar to me. Her voice is quiet, and sometimes it is hard to catch everything she says. Tolliver has her repeat.

On cross-examination Hudson asks if she realizes that her story is in opposition to three other witnesses. They can't all be lying? The upstairs neighbor — why should she lie? Hughes: "I guess she doesn't like me. I thought she liked me but I guess she didn't." Detective Hill? Hughes: "I never said Lee was a faggot; I don't even know what that word means. I never use bad language." Detective Beavers? Hughes: "He was a nasty man. I'll never forget him. He banged his fist on the table and shouted at me."

Hudson then asks her who has the most to gain by lying. Hughes: "I don't know." Tolliver points out that Beavers is the only officer who interviewed her alone. So it's his word against hers. No witnesses. Hudson points out that Lee's unwillingness to go to the hospital (which may have brought about his death) and his hiding of the gun were probably actions to protect her from trouble.

The next defense witness is brought solely to discredit the upstairs neighbor. He is Attorney Gassaway from the Welfare Department. The girl upstairs applied for benefits in August 1982. She was then 17, nearly 18. She has been on welfare ever since. $129 per month plus $76 in food stamps. (It comes to $47.83 a week, less than we get for jury duty.) She has had four jobs in the meantime, including a job at David's Cookies since May, which she has not reported. As far as I am concerned, this ploy backfires on Tolliver. It is now obvious to me why the child was nervous as a cat. It is also obvious that she has the most to lose by getting on the stand.

The defense rests and the prosecution recalls Detective Hill. He almost gets to say "Keturah Hughes" again, but this time Tolliver stops him in time. I actually find this amusing. I don't think I'm the only one who smiled. Hudson is trying to make the point that Hill went directly from Lee in the emergency room to Keturah Hughes's house for the express purpose of arresting her. Even if we can't hear Lee's words, surely those actions imply what he said. This time Hill expands his testimony to say he believed Hughes was "high or intoxicated." She pulled down her nightgown and said to the officers, "You only want to see my body."

The last witness Hudson calls is Detective McComb, a redhaired woman, early thirties, in a white pants suit. She had interviewed Hughes on February 24. After reading her her rights, she asked Hughes if she wanted to make a statement. Hughes told her that Lee had hit her so hard she'd lost a tooth, and she shows her the gap in her mouth where the tooth was. McComb and her partner then go to the Decker Ave. house and actually *find* the *tooth* on the car, where the neighbor saw them fighting, still parked in front of the house.

On cross Tolliver asks, "Whose tooth was it? It could have been anybody's. How do you know it was a tooth? Are you a dentist?" McComb says it looked like a tooth.

Hudson asks, "Detective McComb, do you have all your teeth?" "Yes." "Do you brush them every morning?" "Yes." "No further questions."

Tolliver: "I can't top that!"

We recess at 3:50.

I'm glad the judge has said it is OK to feel sympathy.

People come in and out of the courtroom during the trial. It is unclear who they are. One black woman is often there. Perhaps a friend of Keturah's? Are all the courtrooms open to the public? Keturah Hughes continues to keep a low profile. Sits very quietly. We have been told the death penalty is not involved. I wonder what is. Where is the tooth now? Where is the Ford LTD? Did Keturah ever get the key back from Jimmy? He drove the van to his apartment; when did he switch back from the Ford — if he ever took the Ford.

We ask Mr. Gallagher if the transcript and exhibits will be given to us in the deliberation room. He says exhibits, yes. There is no transcript. The court reporter takes everything down in a kind of shorthand only she can read. There are only 12 keys on her machine. If a legible transcript is needed, the steno must dictate it into a tape recorder; a secretary transcribes it. If we want something reread, court is called back into session, the reporter reads her notes, while another reporter takes notes. Starting salary for court reporter is $18,000 plus $1.05 per page.

Thursday, August 30. The sun is shining as the Rapid enters the tunnel under Terminal Tower. I go straight up to Public Square and the sky is black. It looks like an incredible storm is coming off the Lake. The wind whips up. I wear my sunglasses to try to keep the dirt out of my eyes. I can feel the grit in my teeth. I try to run, but the lights are against me. I can see and hear big things blown about by the wind. I wonder how to avoid being hit by a barrel. The rain starts just before I get into the Justice Center. The folks who come in after me are soaked through. One girl is dry in only two spots — her underarms!

In court by 9 a.m. for summaries. Lonjak gives the prosecution's case in a calm orderly fashion. He is followed by Tolliver who gives an impassioned defense, involving the impeccable character of the neighbor, the prosecution's "star witness." Hudson is even more dramatic. He shouts and gestures. "What about Jimmy Lee? He's not sitting here in this courtroom. Who speaks for him?" He spoke of the conflict between the defense's contentions and the four prosecution witnesses who had nothing to gain by lying. He said, "Acid and water don't mix!" We knew he meant oil, but it was distracting, like Tolliver's cake made with flour, sugar, and water.

The judge gives his charge to the jury. Reasonable doubt, not possible doubt. To stand up for our opinions, but not to be obstinate. To judge the facts with our reason, not our emotion. Much washed over me like a fog. The definitions seemed cloudy, but the impression I got was to use common sense.

At 11:15 we adjourned to the jury deliberation room, and the two alternates were dismissed. At last we could talk. Words tumbled out as we started to compare notes and ask questions. A couple of people said they'd like me to be foreman. The girl next to me said, "Aren't we going to nominate anyone else?" Nobody answered, and I said, "Go ahead! Nominate someone, please!" But she said, "No. I'd like you to do it." Somebody else asked if I was willing. I felt trapped. I said I was willing and that seemed to end the discussion.

The next thing we did was to make name tags for ourselves. We didn't even know each other's names. The men were Joe, Al, Jim, and Don. The women were Kitty, Bridget, Cassandra, Marilyn, Lucille, Pat, another Pat, and me.

We hadn't been able to take notes during the trial, and nobody remembered everything. But it was interesting how one person's remembering something could trigger other memories. Maybe it takes a whole dozen people to get an oral record of what happened. Many of us had unanswered questions. Some questions could be answered by other people who remembered what they'd heard. Some questions we couldn't answer.

We couldn't remember when Detective McComb had interviewed Hughes, whether before or after Lee died. I seemed to think she was in Homicide, but we couldn't come to consensus on that. The question was how long was the tooth out on the car?

Various things bothered people. When Lee identified Hughes to Hill, was he under drugs? Could he have thought he was being asked for next-of-kin? Did the hospital screw up? — if they had saved his life, Hughes would only be up for felonious assault. There were differing views on the believability of the upstairs neighbor. Where was the key to the Ford? Where was the tooth? Nevertheless, our first vote came out 10 "guilty" to 2 "not guilty." Apparently most people realized that the unanswerable questions did not affect their ability to draw a conclusion. We broke for lunch at 12:15, came back at 1:15. We continued our rather hit-or-miss system of voicing questions and answers. There were two women who had questions that got answered. But there was another woman who seemed unready to see the logic of the case. Our vote at the end of the day was 11-1.

On Friday we deliberated from 9 to 4 with an hour out for lunch. We tried writing on the blackboard the entire sequence of events as depicted by the prosecution. There were no conflicts there. It was easy to imagine an argument, James Lee leaving the house, Keturah Hughes coming after him, firing twice. Then they fight on the car, he knocks out her tooth and grabs the gun, she swears and goes back in the house, he drives home in the van to talk to his friend, Leon. The questions that probably arose there concerned how bad did he feel, did he have to go to the hospital since that would mean involving the police, what should he do with the gun? The shots of his plaid shirt show some blood, but not a lot. The wound itself was small. It looks as if he tried to avoid the hospital as long as possible. He obviously also made some attempt to hide the gun, since it was found under the sofa cushion.

Then he decides to go to the hospital, drives himself in his van, is admitted at St. Luke's at 9:50. The police come and talk to him. He tells them who shot him. They go to Hughes's house to arrest her. Later police confirmation comes with her admission of the fight in which she lost a tooth, the finding of the tooth which belies her statement she wasn't outside that day, and her telling Detective Beavers, "I did something I did not intend to do. I did not intend to kill Jimmy."

I ask our dissenter to play-act being Keturah Hughes two times, once being innocent and once being guilty. The not-guilty Hughes sees Jimmy at 5 p.m. when he comes for the key to the Ford. He drives off. What does she do? Cooks dinner. Goes to bed at 7:30. She doesn't hear any "noises like firecrackers." She never hears Jimmy come back with the Ford and take his van. She is awakened by the police at roughly 11 pm. They take her to the police station. She is later interviewed by Detective Beavers alone and he lies about what she says. Hughes never says on the stand nor is it ever indicated by anyone else that she cried on hearing Jimmy had been shot, that she asked to be taken to the hospital. Hughes never testified about the interview with McComb about the tooth.

If we are to believe Hughes, we have to disbelieve the upstairs neighbor and the three police officers, Hill, McComb, and Beavers. It's four against one, and who has the most to gain by lying? Hill, McComb, and Beavers have nothing to gain. The girl upstairs actually had something to lose by taking the stand, not something to gain.

When we get down to it, it seems our hold-out doesn't trust the police. Her house has been broken into three times — in her mind's eye she can still see the shelf where her stereo, her TV etc. had been. Her car, a Trans-Am, was stolen. The detective who lives next door has "told her stories" which make her cynical. She believes the officers could have gotten together and cooked up the charges. Hill got a promotion between February 22 and now. Why did they bring McComb in later, after Hughes had been on the stand? They don't even have the tooth. Beavers interviewed Hughes alone; that may be against procedure even though they said it isn't. It's just his word against hers. And no way can she believe the upstairs neighbor. She believes the neighbor had something doing with James Lee, sometimes young girls make money from older men that way, and she has some resentment against Hughes. Perhaps most important, she feels sure Tolliver would never have let Hughes plead "not guilty" unless he believed she was innocent.

We pray. "Dear God, none of us will ever know for sure the whole truth of this case. But you know the truth. Please help us to see what that truth is. Help us to stay open to this dis-

cussion so that none of us stops struggling toward the truth. If this defendant is guilty, please help us all to see that justice is done. If this defendant is innocent, please help us all to see that justice is done. Please help us to listen to each other and respect each other. Amen."

We go around the room with each of us telling why we believe the defendant is guilty — what made us decide. This is emotional and even painful for some of us, but our one hold-out appears to doze.

Members of the jury who hadn't smoked in years begin to light up. We send a note to the judge, asking him to reread the charge to the jury. He reconvenes the court and does so. We tell our hold-out she's being "obstinate." She says she's got to go with her doubts.

Was there a debate team in her school? She was on it. And were you asked to support positions you didn't believe in? Yes. Well, lawyers are like debaters; they pick the best defense for their client, not the one they necessarily believe in. What other defenses could there be? Guilty by reason of self-defense: won't work because the shots were fired from more than three feet away — no powder burns. Guilty by reason of repeated beatings: to use this they would have had to have corroborative evidence from a hospital or doctor to show abuse. Guilty by reason of insanity: would have needed corroborative evidence from a counselor or psychologist to show instability. The only thing they could try was "not guilty" with the defendant conveniently not "remembering" anything that would incriminate her. It was weak, but it was the only possible defense.

We left for Labor Day Weekend still deadlocked.

Tuesday, September 4th. Upstairs at nine. I ask the bailiff for a decent-sized piece of paper in case I need to write to the judge. I ask our hold-out, Pat, to say a prayer. She prays to God for strength to do what needs to be done. In the pause that follows Marilyn prays for everybody to "see the facts."

I ask Pat if she feels any different than she did on Friday. She says she is more confirmed than ever in her doubts. Jesus spoke to her over the weekend; she was grilling outside and heard a noise like firecrackers, ran to the street, so did all the neighbors, but it was an electrical transformer. So you see, a sound like firecrackers doesn't necessarily mean a gunshot. Also why was the girl upstairs the only person who heard the noise and ran to see? Pat's whole neighborhood went to look.

Al's last effort: why would Lee go back to his 94th St. residence — with the murder weapon — unless the upstairs neighbor's story is true? Could somebody else have shot him and he get the weapon? (I wonder about pushing this since the fatal bullet is lost and therefore cannot be matched to the weapon. But nobody else seems to mind this; all claim to believe that the gun on the table in front of us is indeed the murder weapon.)

No good. We vote. 11-1. I write to the judge. "Since Wednesday 4 p.m. our vote has been 11 guilty to 1 not guilty. We have all tried very hard. We are very sorry about this." Some jurors want to add that Pat should have disqualified herself from the jury because she had a link to Tolliver (she works for the Cleveland Public Schools and Tolliver is on the Board of Education), because she had such negative attitudes to the police, and because she refused to be reasonable. During the *voir dire* when asked if she knew Tolliver, Pat had said, "I know *of* him; I know his reputation." Some jurors felt that showed prejudice. "Who's on trial here?' asks Pat. Cooler heads prevail. The note goes as is. Kitty and Marilyn cry.

The judge's message: Keep deliberating till the lawyers get here. What a joke. We chatter. I ask which members of the jury own guns. Answer: four — *but*. Jim's is a broken six-shooter which he has turned into a collage with dice, aces and 8's, and nineteenth-century photos. Don was given a shotgun; he doesn't know why he keeps it; it's in two pieces in separate parts of the house. Joe has rifles for hunting; he's a big fish- and-game enthusiast. Cassandra is the only other juror who claims to own a gun — she has two loaded handguns she keeps on the upper shelf of a closet strictly for protection; she also has a two-year-old son. I think, "a statistic waiting to happen."

We are called back to the courtroom. The judge asks if there is any point to continuing the deliberation. I say no. Lonjak and Hudson look furious. But Hughes is smiling — for the first time. The judge declares the jury hung, says we may talk to the lawyers by the elevators if we choose. Dismissed at 10:45.

Neither Tolliver nor Hudson appears, but we corner Lonjak. He tells us he was only given the case on August 24. He was nervous being with Hudson; he usually tried his own cases. He hadn't heard the Hughes testimony about buying the Pontiac to get plates for the Ford. He hadn't picked up on the testimony about the Ford; where was the Ford at 7:30? How did Keturah get the key back — if she did? He said they sometimes didn't hear all the testimony. I mentioned that the judge seemed too busy to listen, too; was that normal? He thinks Fuerst gives confusing instructions to jury (I agree), has had three hung juries that month alone. Most judges have 40-60 cases pending; Fuerst has over 100. Prosecutor had asked that jury be taken to the Decker Ave. residence at night to see conditions. Judge refused. Sometime during the trial the charge was changed from aggravated murder to murder. The jury was not told, and the change was never explained.

Lonjak says it was snowing lightly the night of the murder (The girl upstairs had said cold and clear; landlady's daughter- in-law had said wet). Qualey had ordered the pix of the Decker Ave. address on the 25th, but that was the beginning of the big snowstorm and pix never taken.

Lonjak says Lee told everyone who shot him, but that was inadmissible because he didn't believe he was dying. He never regained consciousness after the operation. If he had said, "I'm dying and Keturah Hughes shot me," that would have been admissible. "Hearsay evidence" is something spoken by a person not subpoenaed for the trial — not admissible. Obviously Lee could not be in court.

According to Lonjak, both the sister and brother-in-law of the upstairs neighbor heard the shots. The brother-in-law was drunk on the couch. Detectives knocked on doors all over Cleveland on the morning of August 30 to try to find the sister to come in and testify. The girl upstairs had never been sure how many sounds she heard; that's why the prosecution didn't ask.

When Lee went to his residence, Lonjak conjectures, he asked for Leon, who was drunk and in bed. He said to his landlady, "That fool shot me." She asked who, and he said Keturah Hughes. Outside later the landlady's daughter-in-law asks whose gun; he says Keturah Hughes's. Inadmissible of course. The gun was not registered to anybody. The prosecutor assumes Hughes and Lee may well have been drunk, too.

The tooth is in the police property room somewhere. The bullets and spent cartridges are in Hudson's office somewhere (amid the clutter).

Hudson appears driven — dresses casually, seems to have a bad memory for names, does not take outside work. Lonjak thinks his anger during the summary was sincere (many of us felt otherwise). Hudson is an ex-pharmacist. Of the hundred prosecutors employed by the county, only the top sixteen try murders and rapes. Once during a summary in another case Hudson pretended to shoot himself with the exhibit gun. He fell to the floor and lay there for 30 seconds; the court was spellbound.

The case is scheduled to go before Judge Fuerst again on October 17.

In Lonjak's opinion Tolliver chose the wrong defense. They should have pleaded guilty to manslaughter. With murder the sentence would probably have been fifteen years. Use of the gun is a mandatory seven.

It seems that Hudson felt it was a mistake putting McComb on the stand. They actually had not known about the tooth until she casually mentioned it to someone prior to giving testimony. They felt bringing it up so late showed up the inefficiency of the police work.

We are told that the woman who sat in the courtroom is the defendant's sister, and that

Keturah Hughes's eighteen-year-old daughter can't stand her mother.

Lonjak says he likes to talk to juries after a trial because he learns so much. Hudson never talks to the jury. Lonjak told us a story about a case of his. He is fed up with the whole *voir dire* process. He had a black-on-white crime. He had a middle-aged black juror who had worked steadily, had a family, a home. Lonjak saw him as a community-minded juror, left him on the jury. When the jury went to deliberate, the man moved his chair around, turned his back on the table and refused to deliberate. He said, "There's no way I'm going to send a black brother to jail."

Later the jury can't stop talking about the case. Pat is confirmed in the rightness of her position, despite all we heard. She says that because of this, the case will make more sense next time. I hope she's right. Jim went to the library and looked up the Plain Dealer for February 25. The newspaper article in toto:

James Lee, 57, died yesterday in St. Luke's Hospital of a gunshot wound he suffered in a quarrel with a woman friend, 64, police said. Lee, of 3195 E. 94 . . . , visited the woman Wednesday evening. When he got out of his van in front of her home in the 7900 block of Decker Ave., police said, the woman came out of the house, the two quarreled, and the woman shot Lee once in the chest. Lee worked for a florist.

On the last morning, September 7, Kitty brought in her new rowing machine, and the guys put it together. We all took turns rowing. (All in the same boat?) On the same morning Marilyn was overheard to tell a juror not from our trial, "We're still on the case."

No doubt the other jurors are still asking themselves, as I am, what was really in Pat's mind? Job security? (Tolliver is on the school board and she works for the Cleveland Public Schools.) Or simply something she couldn't tell us: that she couldn't bear to see an old black woman go to prison for an act she no doubt regretted after a lifetime of hardship. Angry as I am, I think I could forgive that more easily than the irrationality of the reasons she gave for her obstinacy.

The following is inscribed on a plaque inside the door to the Jury Commission:

However large or small a man's interests may be, they are safe when they are preserved by intelligent judges and capable juries. They are the final safeguards of justice.

Hester Lewellen teaches mathematics at Laurel School. She has also been a professional actress.

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A sampler from *Light Year '85*

JACK BE NIMBLE

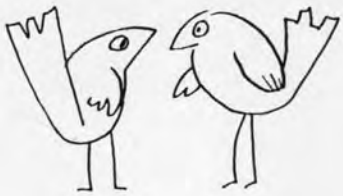
Jack be nimble,
Jack be smart,
Snuff the candle
Before you start.

Bonnie Jacobson

THE OWL

Though I don't wish to seem too fanatical,
I consider the owl ungrammatical
"To-whit, to-who" he sits and keens;
"To-whit, to-*whom*" is what he means.

Robert N. Feinstein



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Tell Galileo
to die.
Never recant.
No.
You tell him.

Phyllis Hotch

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